

THE PIVOT

CLASS
OF
NOVEMBER
1929



OTTO MUNZINGER

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
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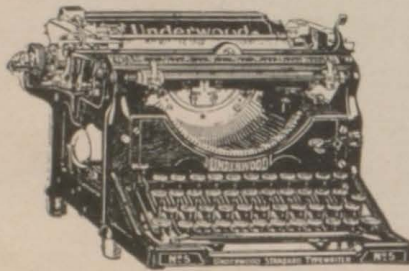
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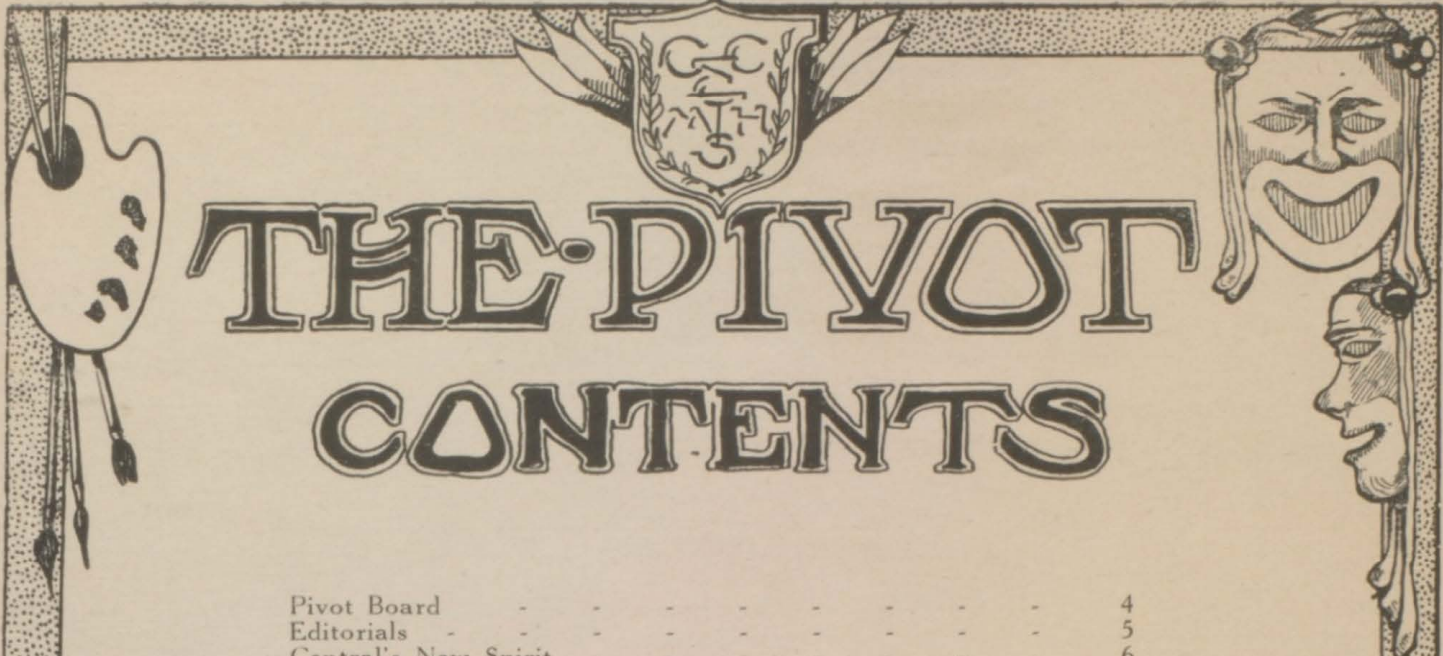
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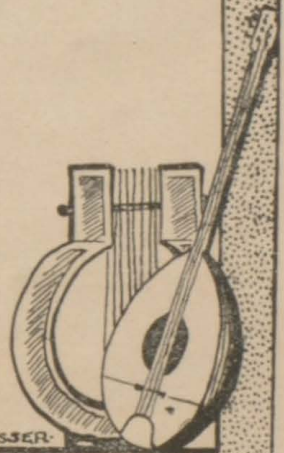
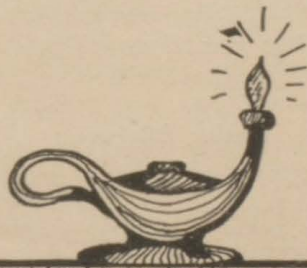
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THE PIVOT

NEWARK, N. J.

NOVEMBER, 1929

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No. 26

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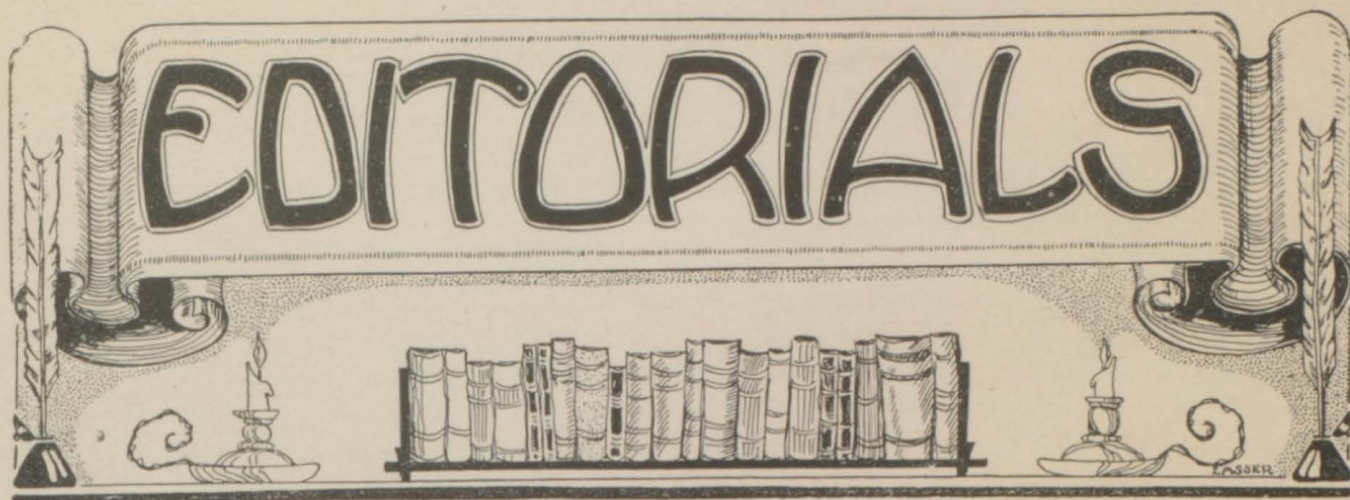
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FOREWORD

"He shoots higher that threatens the moon than he that aims at a tree." In trying to make this issue of the PIVOT a complete success, we have aimed at the moon; and though we realize that our aim has fallen short of our intention, it is with great pride that we present in this issue a novel feature—a deviation from the usual type of material and structure of past publications.

The members of the board have had the unprecedented good fortune to secure the co-operation of the graduating class, which, acting on the praiseworthy suggestion of our faculty advisor, Mr. Schleicher, has donated fifty dollars for the sponsoring of a contest in literature, art, music, and drafting; and in this issue we find the names of the winners and their works. The aim and purpose of this contest has been not only to secure the best material for the PIVOT, but also to encourage budding artists, musicians, and writers to

exercise those faculties, which Nature has implanted in them.

The degree of success in this new attempt can best be judged by the reader. Here we have essayed to sow a new seed; a seed which, we sincerely hope, will be nurtured and prized by those who will follow us; and that their efforts will be expended in making our PIVOT better and better as each term comes and goes.

To those who have guided our inexperienced footsteps—to our class advisor, Mr. Victor Schleicher; to our literary advisor, Dr. Henry M. Goldstein; to our advertising advisor, John R. Boyle; and to our art advisor, J. Earle Griffith—we offer our most sincere gratitude and appreciation for their patient effort in helping us to make this issue of the PIVOT one that claims a place in the front ranks with the best Central publications of the past.

—O. M.

ON THINKING FOR ONESELF

Some time ago I read in a certain book that "by constant and diligent reading we may become wise." Although at that time I accepted this statement as true, I have long since realized the shortcomings of this advice and that it may be followed with advantage only if we wish to become mere *human phonographs*. But if we crave to become real thinkers, and therefore creators, a better advice to follow would be "*to do one-fourth reading and three-fourths thinking.*"

As Arthur Schopenhauer so aptly puts it, "Truth that has been merely learned is like an artificial limb, a false tooth, a waxen nose; at best, like a nose made out of another's flesh; it adheres to us only because it is put on. But truth acquired by thinking of our own is like a natural limb; it alone really belongs to us."

—O. M.

CENTRAL'S NEW SPIRIT

MR. SCHLEICHER AND SENIORS SPONSOR CONTEST

It is not very often that a grown-up person can respond to the intense enthusiasm of young people; and it is still less seldom that he can understand their impulsive nature and guide wisely their too eager footsteps.

This senior class can truly say that they have found a true and ideal guide in their class advisor, Mr. Victor H. Schleicher, whose enthusiasm and interest in the class activities have, at all times, surpassed that of the class itself. It is due to his wise suggestions and virile spirit, which he has infused in his undertaking, that

all the activities of the seniors have been successfully conducted.

Water which does not flow becomes stagnant. Mr. Schleicher, realizing that our school publication could not keep its standing if allowed to stagnate, suggested to the class that a contest be sponsored. This contest was to fulfill the two-fold requirement of varying the structure and material of the PIVOT, and of increasing the interest of Central pupils in their work.

That class immediately responded with enthusiasm, and the contest was sponsored.

Below we find listed the prize winners:

Literature

- 1st prize short story—"Hearts"—Emma Turak.
- 2nd prize short story—"Advice"—B. K.
- 1st prize essay—"The Slow Motion View of School Life"—B. K.
- 2nd prize essay—"Dissertation Upon Roast Apple"—Sol Schwartz.
- 3rd prize essay—"How I Cut a Class for the First Time"—Nathan Sunshine.

Poetry

- 1st prize poem—"My Dog and I"—John Pucik.
- 2nd prize poem—"Lunar Wandering"—B. K.
- 3rd prize poem—"Song of Orpheus"—Ovid Rizzolo.

Art

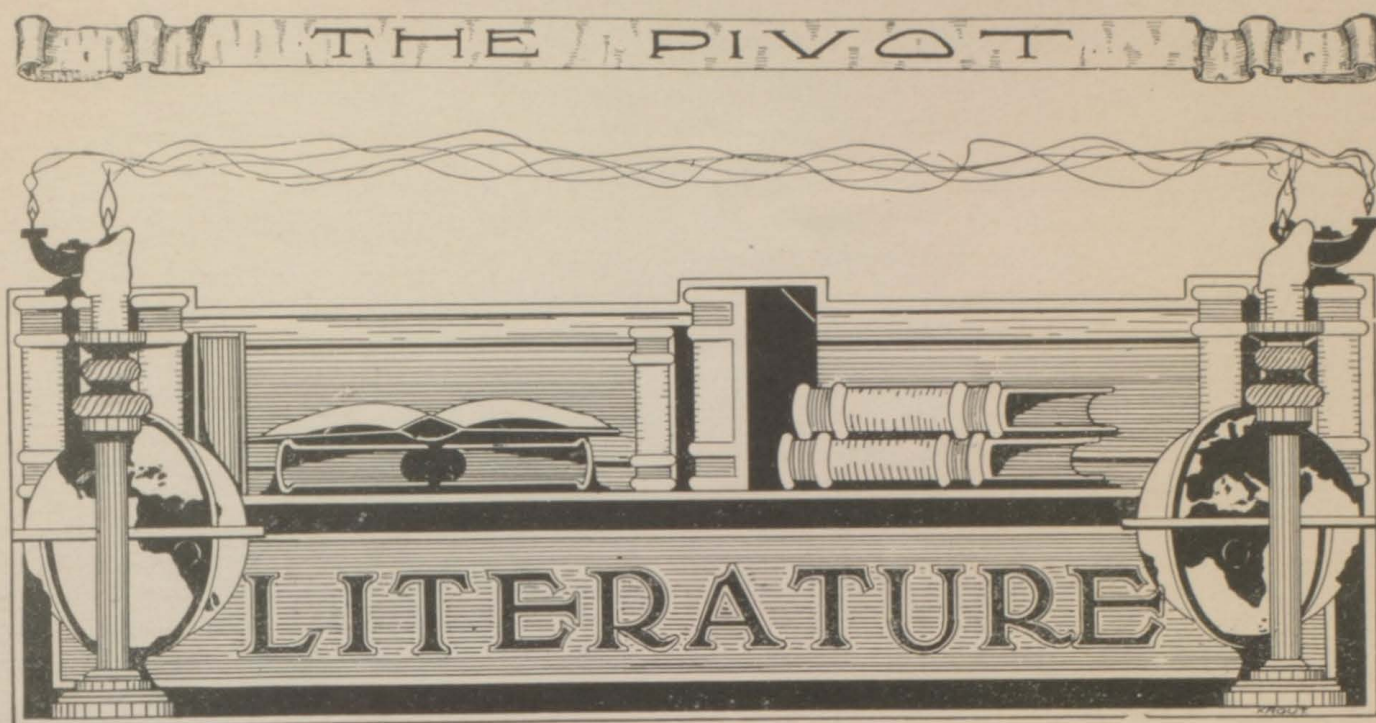
- Prize Cover—Otto Munsinger.
- Honorable Mention—Herman Leo.

Music

- Prize Song—Stella Argand.

Drawing

- 1st prize—Drawn by H. H. Laucks.
- 2nd prize—Drawn by Alex. Gromach.
- 2nd prize—Drawn by M. Isacoff.
- 3rd prize—Drawn by E. J. Pariza.
- Honorable Mention—J. Birrell and L. Bender.



SHORT STORY CONTEST

First Prize Story

HEARTS

By Emma Turak

Autumn and the wild beat of tom-toms in an Indian village—a scene before the dawn of civilization. Old Kewee, a poet of the tribe, sighed and spoke to a slim young creature whose dark eyes held the passion and fury and wildness of the beating of tom-toms through centuries of dead autumns; he spoke to her, who was called by Brave Heart, mighty warrior, Heart's Desire.

"My child," quoth he, "so is it as always it has been, as the leaf which I hold in this withered palm. See, Heart's Desire, an autumn leaf of the colors of red and brown, and here a bit of gold—red for the blood of our braves, brown for the age of hearts grown old and a bit of gold for the interlude between the next red and brown. But see, my child, whom Brave Heart calls Heart's Desire, see where the gold is; a worm has pierced through its heart. It is true, with the truth of tragedy, that the golden peace after the red and brown of war should have the worm's hole of pain and grief and disillusion."

He was a foolish Indian, this poet who sighed with the beat of the tom-toms and the war drums, and Heart's Desire who pitied him for this very foolishness, spoke softly, "Ah, but Kewee, see how great and strong is my Brave Heart, how he dances; indeed, he is the finest of them all!"

But Kewee, who saw beyond the red and brown,

sighed in tune to the beating of the war drums, and Heart's Desire impatiently turned her midnight eyes upon the inspiring scene.

There, in a circle, their bare arms and painted faces gleaming in the fire-light, danced the braves. The beat of drums, and faces thrown up towards the threatening heavens, fierce, defiant, arms thrown outward in a mighty gesture of acclaim, then the low insistent voice of the tom-toms and faces downward toward the smouldering earth, arms flung backwards, feet beating, beating, beating in tune to the tom-toms, angry, wailing, despairing tones, and ever with a gladness which held in it the sorrow of a race who hated another man's god.

And now the sun was setting behind the blue-black mountains, a ball of heat burning out with the fierceness of its own rays. From it shot streaks of purple and scarlet and gold, a clashing fantasy, which held in it an infinite uniformity against the ever deepening background of the sky.

And as night stole in on the stealthy wings of the war-wind, Brave Heart and his Heart's Desire spoke their farewell. Old Kewee dozed like an owl beside the glowing embers, one keen eye upon the lovers. Foolish, foolish Kewee, to listen with the heart and not the ears, but then Kewee was a poet.

THE PIVOT

"Thou art my Heart's Desire," spoke the mighty brave, "and I love thee, but the Great Spirit's voice is choked with anger and I must avenge his honor."

"Ah, thou art proud and strong, my Brave Heart," came the soft reply, "and were it not for thy pride, I should weep, even I, who am the beloved of Brave Heart!"

"Thou art all mystery and beauty, Heart's Desire, for in thine eyes is the allure of moon-flecked waters and upon thy lips the magic promise of the wind at dawn. Dawn! At dawn we shall attack the white men who are fighting us so unfairly and I shall come back to thee, my Heart's Desire and I shall bring thee many spoils of battle and we shall be happy, very happy, my beloved."

"And I shall wait for thee, Brave Heart, and yes, we shall be happy, very, very happy."

Suddenly Brave Heart took Heart's Desire in his arms and held her close to him for one moment of aching happiness. Then Heart's Desire walked to her wigwam with head held high and Brave Heart stalked triumphantly away and only the dying embers saw the glistening tears on Kewee's aged cheeks.

The stars paled with fear in the heavens and dawn stole in like a sad thief.

* * *

Again, a magic light, and Heart's Desire still waited with head drooping a little for there was no news of the braves, no triumphant return on the morrow.

"Kewee, Kewee, thou art wise; why does he not return to me, my beloved?"

"Ah, Heart's Desire, how shall I answer thee, but wait——"

A sudden commotion and an Indian, his feathers drooping, his face painted with blood, fell at Kewee's feet.

"Kewee, Kewee," came in a choking gasp, "quickly hear me, for I cannot speak much. The enemy—they surprised us—I escaped." He paused and struggled for breath. "From Brave Heart to Heart's Desire, a gift—the last—gift—take, quickly—He loves her—he loves——," a groan and silence.

From all that gallant band, only one had returned and even he was dead, had died with a message of love on his lips.

Heart's Desire stooped mechanically, and took from the lifeless fingers—she screamed!

"Kewee! Brave Heart! Kewee! Look, look!"

Held in her trembling hand was the "last gift," three feathers tied together with a piece of string.

"Kewee, Kewee, thy wisdom is tragic, is cursed, for see, this feather—red and this one, brown and the last one—gold—gold——" and the dark, glossy head drooped low at last.

Heart's Desire's soul was bitter and about her neck she had hung the golden feather pierced through with fire. Yet the days that followed were beautiful and bright and their loveliness was followed in turn by deep magic nights. Heart's Desire was bitter and broken, and the heavens were clear and bright. In her sorrow, she turned, against her will, to Kewee, poet of the tribe.

"Kewee," she began, "I thought I hated thee, but I need thee, and I need thy wisdom, no matter if it be tragic. Tell me, Kewee; for me the world is dark, the sun is cold, the night is cruel and yet to others, everything is beautiful. Why should the sun rise and the stars gaze on my sorrow when Brave Heart cannot see, cannot know all this?"

"Listen to me, my child," quoth this foolish Kewee, "but first take the pierced golden feather from thy throat. Then will I speak."

Heart's Desire obeyed and the poor feather was held loosely in her clasped hands.

"Tell me, tell me, Kewee!"

"Hear then, my child. Some night, Brave Heart's soul shall whisper to thee from the Happy Hunting Grounds and he shall tell thee as I tell thee, that if the heavens were to darken and the elements to cease at every grievance of this World of Men, that there would be no world and there would be no men—Dost understand, beloved of Brave Heart?"

Heart's Desire did not answer, but a frolicsome wind caught the feather held loosely in her hand and as she lifted her head in the old proud gesture,

"Now thou shalt understand, Heart's Desire," said old foolish Kewee, "for unawares, thou blessest the sun."

Second Prize Story

ADVICE

By B. K.

Hungry mouths are unkind. How well Mrs. Pesanto knew it. It was her job to keep seven mouths, not including the children's, satisfied and if not altogether kind, at least tolerable. And here it was so late in the afternoon and the spaghetti so slow, the cheese unground, the large oil-cloth covered table only half set. Her black silhouette against the bleak uncurtained window was gliding elusively back and from the greasy gas range where huge sooty pots showed their foam, and dribbled lazily.

When the gallon bottle of white wine was firmly stationed in the center of the table, Mrs. Pesanto felt better. It reminded her of the loaded grape vines far away in a land on another continent. She stopped for a minute holding a large wooden ladle steaming and dripping, in embarrassed suspense. She thought of her old father's home. It was in a little village at the foot of a gracefully sloping volcano reluctantly surrendering its steam day after day and on the shore of a big sea, kind and sparkling and blue. Everything appeared to be bathed in golden quiet sunshine. Ah, those young and happy days far away and gone—gone forever— The drooping ladle gave a sudden start and resumed its stirring. Gone forever—they'll be home for supper and it was late.

Soon enough Mrs. Pesanto's sister Lisa was the first to appear all flustered from the congestion in the street car.

"Marie, here's a letter from home. Already three weeks since we've received the last letter." This in Italian.

"I was just thinking of them at home. What does Guiseppe write?"

Lisa broke open the envelope, took out the lined letter paper covered with the big rustic handwriting of her brother, sat down and read silently and laboriously. Mrs. Pesanto ran out to the vestibule and brought in three large round loaves of healthy, tasty bread. She began to slice them.

"Well, what's new?"

"I don't understand this. He doesn't seem to say anything at all. He writes about the crops, the cows and nothing else. Let's see further."

A pause.

"Heavens! Our mother died!" Lisa's face became white as chalk. Her sister stopped cutting and her chest heaved with sudden emotion. They looked at each other for a moment. The letter dropped to the floor. Sobbing convulsively, Mrs. Pesanto covered her face with her hands. Lisa moaned and gave way to suppressed cries, choking.

A swarthy young man in laborer's clothes ran in through the hall. That was Giordano, their brother. Before he had a chance to say a thing Lisa whined out, "Oh, Joe!—Mama, mama, is dead."

Joe stopped stiff, his fists clenched. "No, no!" "Yes, Giusseppe wrote us."

"So she was sick and they didn't tell us. Oh, darling mama."

"What now? What's the trouble?" It was their cousin, Josephine, a girl in the early twenties who had come to the land of opportunity a few years before. She was told. She expressed her sorrow at her aunt's death and added, "But Marie, calm yourself, and you too, Lisa, and you Joe. You cannot expect anyone to live forever even though she is a mother." They didn't listen. She walked among them, she alone calm and collected. "Please control yourselves," she begged. "Your mother in heaven will not bear it."

The family cat walked in through the open window and regarded everything with a feline look of disdain and annoyance. She meowed fitfully.

Mr. Pesanto, the head of the house, trudged in followed by his noisy children whom he had pulled in from the street for supper. He stopped at the doorway in amazement.

"Marie!" he shouted to his wife. "What's all this about?"

Mrs. Pesanto could not stop sobbing.

Josephine walked up to him and whispered the bad news into his ear. He softened.

"How do you know—a letter?"

"Yes, Guiseppe wrote."

"Where is it?"

She picked it up from the floor and gave it to him. He began to read. The children seeing their mother in such a state began to cry and huddled around her

as if for protection against some unknown menace. Josephine tried to take them out of the room but they didn't think of such a thing. Mr. Pesanto couldn't stand the noise any longer and went into a bedroom to spell out the letter in peace.

When Mr. Pesanto came back to the kitchen they were all kneeling in front of the holy images.

"This is not your mother that died. It's a mistake. Giuseppe didn't write this letter. Why didn't you finish reading it?"

All turned around with tear-stained faces.

"Tony wrote this letter and it's his mother that died, not yours."

Tony was Josephine's brother.

The girl tore herself up to Mr. Pesanto and grabbed the letter from his hand.

"Let me see!" she cried. "Where is it?"

He showed her the signature and then the wording of the sad news. The kneelers remained on the floor as if turned to stone, but was a hope shining in their eyes—a strong, fervent hope?

The poor girl threw up her arms. "Mother!" she shrieked and fell to the floor beating the linoleum with her feet. "Mother!"

Josephine fainted.

Lisa dashed for the sink.

ESSAY CONTEST

First Prize Essay

THE SLOW-MOTION VIEW OF SCHOOL LIFE

By B. K.

One day someone was overheard saying that school life is an exact copy of life outside. It's better than that. School life is *real* life and not only is it not a copy but is the *original* and life outside is the copy. It precedes and therefore is the basis for all life outside any way you take it. Anybody can see that.

Take, for instance, the pompous seller of fake securities. Isn't he a shadow in comparison with that solid regular feller, broad in the shoulder, heavy in the body, but blue in the eye, conservative in dress, and tie, who moves timely and confidently from classroom to classroom as if he were on his way from one board of directors' meeting nonchalantly to another. Watch him during any exam carelessly level his steady gaze and steal a little above the legitimate interest on his neighbor's investment and call it a good day's work. And even though he be so practiced and regular in such dealings he is hardly ever suspected by government authorities. If at any time he is caught in the act he invariably maintains with injured demeanor that the authority is regretfully mistaken after which plaint it is very unusual of the latter to press the suit much further.

How about our Military Park bench variety? Most specimens are found in the lunch room between the fourth and eighth periods. There's one. See him

scouting around with furtive eye? Now he's sidling up to some unsuspecting prosperous looking young man and mumbling something about not having eaten any breakfast this morning and forgot his allowance in the other pants and would he please *lend* him a dime until tomorrow when he'll pay him back in the Spanish period? The victim can wait for his dime until another Spanish Armada is built. And are there many such grubbers around, did you ask? There are so many of them that they are the water in your milk and the stale bread in your sandwich.

Then there are the politicians, the beurocracy of the school. That's the how-do-you-do-old-top guy who slaps your back and asks if your sister got her homework O. K. and if not why he's at her service and yours too, by golly. He's the one who belongs to every club in the school and belongs—oh, my, yes! He's president of this, treasurer of that, doorkeeper of something else, and was grand vice-chancellor of the other frat when what's-his-name was in Central 'way back in . . . let me see . . . yeah! He is a member of fifty thousand committees and sub-committees and will absolutely nominate you sergeant-at-arms without fail if you vote for him next term (and please don't forget to let your girl-friend in on this). When such a one graduates he's on one of the first two

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pages of Senior photos while next to his smiling mouth his activities take up so much print that you can go ahead and publish a serial in the Saturday Evening Post with it. Yes, and he signs your PIVOT: "Yours for *Success and Endurance*." There aren't many of such but enough to let you know we have too many.

Don't let's forget our movie stars and chorus girls. They frequent our notable (or is it notorious?) cabaret on the fourth floor. You can see how they attract the "men" and vamp them away from business and entice them into the bootleggery of cutting classes so that the cares of life are chased away by sundaes, janes, and cheers. (After all this present life is so short and what will the hereafter bring, you know.) Surprising how much brains these actresses possess and how they get through so easily and smoothly. After all, appeal is an important thing in this world.

We won't forget the love affairs, by no means, no! They play a funny part in our teeming school life. Take the elevator to the basement, make yourself invisible and walk through the girls' lockers and

cock your ears and listen. Do you hear? You don't have to wait long—"and hers has the cutest red roadster, honest it's a doll, and he, he reminds me of you know who? John Gil . . ." Go through another alley and " . . . he's a dirty two-timer and she's a fool for going around with such a conceited puppy. Why, she can have the best dressed fellow in Central if . . ." Go further on . . . "and he snubbed me just because she was with him. Just wait till I get . . ." That's enough. Take a rest.

Once in a great while you'll get hold of a "retiring violet," an ill-clad, lanky-shaped hidden genius. He's can't talk, doesn't eat, is almost invisible and colorless. Still he's the one who pulls down the tall ones and you're always second no matter how good you think you are. But those are *rare* violets.

So here you see we lead the world at our heels and no kiddin' either. It's the game we teach ourselves right here only to try and imitate after we're gone. Will we do it? We'll see.

Second Prize Essay

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST APPLE

By Sol Schwartz

Doesn't your mouth water, as the juice from a big red apple squirts right in your eye? And then you munch and munch upon the apple, and wonder where it has disappeared to after you have taken two or three "nips."

But I have a revelation in store for you! Probably you have tasted and seen roast apple—but you haven't tasted or seen the most delicious, enticing, tantalizing, fragrant, tender red-roasted apple that I have had. Give me a red-roasted apple, and life would be a paradise! But burn the apple just a little more than it should be, destroy just a tiny bit of the appetizing fragrance that is necessary to its odoriferousness—and I am your enemy for life!

This is how I make the most delicious hunger-soother and appetite-builder that ever was made. Take a big red apple, the biggest one that can be bought or gotten by any means whatsoever, from a pantry or a bin, and you have the requisite of the most delicious taste that will be yours if only you will follow the necessary directions.

You have already gotten the big red apple—and it must be big and red, so that it can whet your appetite—and place it in a pan, washing both the apple and the pan. Put the pan in the heating compartment where things are roasted, and let it stay there for about ten minutes, according to the heat of the compartment, longer if necessary, or a shorter time, if that fragrance that already is oozing out of the compartment is pervading the atmosphere. Make sure that powdered sugar has been put all over the apple.

When your nostrils have told you that the apple is ready to be taken out of the frying pan, let the apple cool off for about fifteen or twenty minutes. That alone will make you so hungry that you will count the seconds as you waited. But patience will be rewarded in the end, and then, when the apple has cooled, take some sweet whipped cream and enclose the apple therein. A spoonful of ice-cream should cover that, and then you will have the sweetest, tenderest, choicest, healthiest bit of morsel that ever your stomach had to digest!

Then, after you have told the neighbors and interested watchers they will not be able to share any because they did not help you get the apple, take a spoon and gently, very gently, partake of this gift from the gods! Still the cries of those watching you! Do not eat it too fast—you won't enjoy it so much. No matter how pleadingly the watchers beg for some, do not give them any, but remind them that they should have helped you carry the barrel of apples.

Do not leave a drop in your plate; do not wash

your teeth after this partaking of food, for you will want the taste to remain forever in your mouth. But do not eat more than one apple a meal, for it would make you a gormandizer; it would destroy the odoriferous, diffusing fragrance of the next meal. Follow my directions, and you have a food fit for the gods; rebel from this course, and repent as Adam and Eve did, when they were told what to do about a certain apple, and did not!

Third Prize Essay

HOW I CUT A CLASS FOR THE FIRST TIME

By Nathan Sunshine

TIME: Sometime in 19290.

PLACE: Central High School and the Branford Theatre.

As I went into the gym room on the third period on Monday, January 32, in the year 19290, that dear friend of mine, Abie Kabbible, told me that he and Boob McNutt were going to the Branford Theatre to see the show and that it was half-price for the show between 12 and 12:30. I started on the laborious task of thinking. Well! I'll list my deductions. The fourth period ends at 11:50. That leaves enough time to eat dinner and get to the show on time. The fifth period ends too late for this. Now, I have a fifth period and therefore cannot make the show in time. Well! At the end of the period I told my friends about it. Abie said, "That's tough. Boob and I get out the fourth."

Gee, but I was in a tough predicament. (I'm writing this on Sunday, so don't wonder where the high-class words come from.) My friends and I got together and began to think of a way to solve the puzzle. After four minutes of smelling burning wood I heard Boob say, "Cut the fifth period and you can make the show." Abie agreed with him. But I didn't agree with them. I had not cut as yet and didn't want to start. We then hurried to our respective classes.

During the entire fourth period I was tossing up a coin to see if I should cut or not. Each time the coin said "cut." Soon the bell rang and the class was dismissed.

I ran down to the lockers. Abie had his coat on

and was waiting for Boob. They asked me if I was going and I answered them negatively. They were just about to leave when the devil within me called out and told them to wait for me.

So it happened that I cut my first class.

* * *

As we were sitting in the Branford Theatre my friends were enjoying the picture while all I saw was a picture of the detention room and me sitting in one of the seats. When the show was over I went home and couldn't do any of my homework. I went out for some air, visited a friend and went home to bed.

As I slept I had visions of the truant officer outside our door asking where I was the fifth period on Monday. I had visions of so many truant officers that they made the American Expeditionary Forces look like a theatre with two customers in the audience.

Suddenly a tugging at the shoulder and, "Get up, it's late." I got up, dressed, ate, and—well, I went to school!

I arrived at school just in time. As I ran into the building, who should I see walking right in my direction but that famous friend of all the cutters, Miss Gordon. My heart started to force itself up my throat but—well, you know how it is. With a great effort I tightened my teeth and forced the throbbing organ back down my esophagus right into its own place. Well! To my luck, and what luck that was, Miss Gordon walked into the office without seeing me.

I was in dread all day of having Mrs. Sayers walk into one of my classes and ask to see me. However, the day passed and nothing of the sort occurred. The

THE PIVOT

days dragged along and the thing I dreaded did not happen. Finally, at the end of my periods on Friday I heaved a sigh of relief and said, to myself, "I'll never cut again."

However, the idea of cutting isn't so bad (when you don't get caught) and well! I cut classes regu-

larly since then. I'm so fascinated by cutting that I still cut now; only, don't think I mean classes; not in the least; I got myself a job in a paper factory on the cutting machine. I'm such an experienced cutter that I never get caught.

Well! Well! and a couple of more wells.

POETRY CONTEST

First Prize

MY DOG AND I

By John Pucik

Way out on the prairie
Just at setting sun,
Glad the day is over,
Sheep in, every one.

All day long they've rambled
Over ford and plain,
Nibbling grass and clover
In both sun and rain.

Enemies encountered
Were a very few;
Once a coyote slyly
Tried to catch a ewe.

But my dog so trusty,
He was there, alert,
Chased the sneaking prowler,
Bit him till it hurt.

Night is fast approaching,
Darkness fills the sky,
Lambkins sleep protected,—
Not my dog and I.

Second Prize

LUNAR WANDERING

By B. K.

Watch the herons, they are stalking.
 "Stalking?"
 Stalking.
Stalking in the milk-white moonlight.
Lifting lanky legs and treading,
Treading through the stalks in swampland,
Picking paths through marshy lowland,
Picking primly,
Not too grimly,
Not too firmly,
Through the crackling reeds in moonlight.

"Why so straight a road they foster?"
 "Foster?"
 Foster.
Foster for what aim, what goal-light?
Where that glow of alabaster?
(Over shaft-lights and half-glimmers

Comes through balmy moonbeam rivers,
Comes the crackling
Not too soothing,
Not too jarring.)
"Whither bound and what the goal-light?"

Mark this query: Have you noticed?
 "Noticed?"
 Noticed.
Noticed that through such same night-light
Strides all mankind just as practised
As these herons thus to travel
In one single silent channel,
Striving somewhere,
Wand'ring nowhere,
Getting elsewhere
Through that same and gauzy night-light?

Third Prize

SONG OF ORPHEUS

By Ovid Rizzolo

Beneath the shade of darksome pine
On perfum'd bed I soft recline;
And crown'd with wreathed roses fair
I quaff the scented matin air.
On golden lyre I softly play,
To charm the Gods with melting lay.
The warbling music sweetly rings
And floats afar on purple wings.
The tripping trees fantastic dance
And bounding boulders lightly prance,
And smiling rills like silver lance
The jocund merriment enhance.
And borne on zephyrs' gentle gale
The thrilling notes to heaven sail.
The wheeling lark entranced is stayed
To hearken to the serenade;
And Venus fair of wanton heart
Is pierced by Cupid's crystal dart,
And wounded casts from far above
Vermillion emblems of her love.
The swelling shell doth play alone
A charming ditty of its own;
And vocal hills with pleasure drunk
All sing and dance till sun is sunk.

AN AWAKENING OF HOPE

By Florence Linzer

I looked out upon the dreary world
Where my body had been hurled,
And I was tired and ill at ease,
My hungry soul, nothing could appease.

Would life seem always cold and dark?
Could ever I find of hope a spark?
I stood still—and held my breath,
Looking for peace in thought of death.

But all's in vain; for what was there
That could ever a broken heart repair?
I did not worry, I did not care,
For I was ready to end it there.

Then suddenly there came a rumbling,
It seemed as though the earth were crumbling;
I stood there frightened and ready to die,
Neither talked nor uttered a cry.

A lightning streaked the darkened sky,
Just like an arrow, passing by;
The world grew dim before my eyes
And I stood without surprise.

Out of a daze, my head I raised;
Oh, then Eternal life I praised,
For all my strong and bitter feeling
Left me, after life's chaotic reeling.

Then I hoped that every bitter soul
Had heard and seen the skies unroll,
And opening up the portals wide,
Showing Heaven pure and bright inside.

THE FLOWERS' PARTY

By Frances Eisenberg

The flowers had a party,
A party on the lawn,
And all they did was dance and sing
From daytime to the dawn.

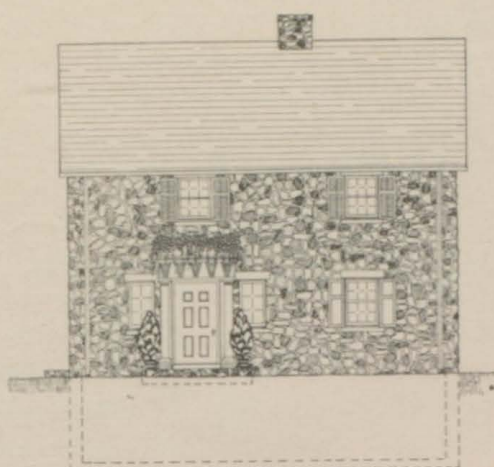
The rivers were invited,
The little brooklets too,
The west wind too, delighted,
Blew off the morning dew.

The flowers too, were all arrayed,
In crimson, white, and blue,
The skies were not dark or greyed,
But were of brighter hue.

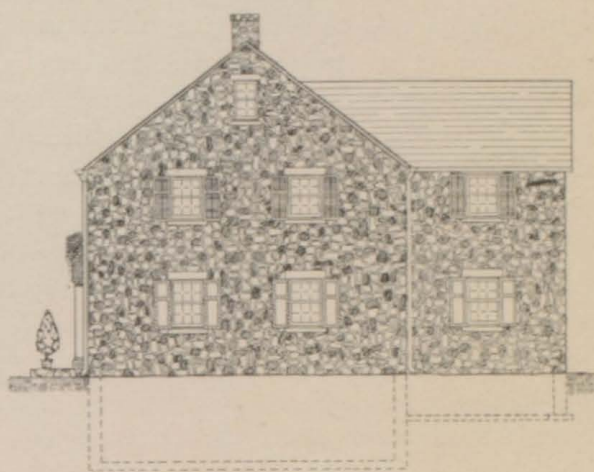
The daffodils, the lily fair,
Danced to a waltz so gay,
High in the trees, the wee birds there,
Twitter'd a song to May.

The flowers had a party,
A party on the lawn,
And there they did sip honey,
From daytime till the dawn.

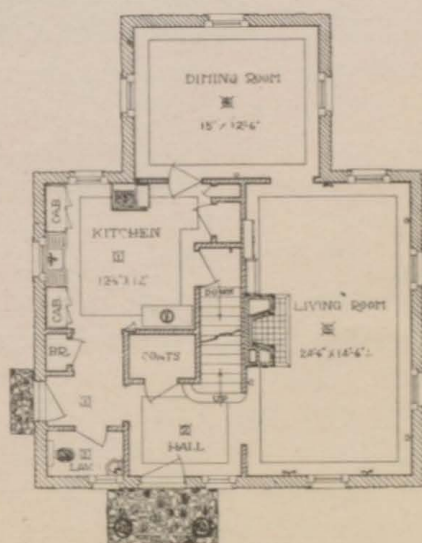
THE PIVOT



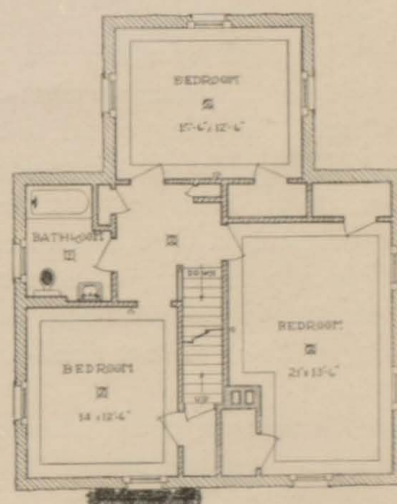
FRONT ELEVATION



RIGHT SIDE ELEVATION



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

PIVOT PRIZE CONTEST

CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL

DRAWN BY H.H. LAUCKS.

NOVEMBER

MCMXXIII

DREAMS—PERSONAL EXPERIENCES

By Otto Melito

Dreams! The very word conveys to our minds an atmosphere of mystery, which transcends the limits of human knowledge and imagination. All of us cannot be poets; all of us cannot be great thinkers, but to none of us is denied the mysterious, marvelous experience of dreams. More than a third of our lives is passed in a region where the rigid laws which are imposed upon us by our space of three dimensions no longer weigh upon us. We find ourselves simultaneously, without feeling and surprise, in places remote from one another; the past and future are confounded in the same present; our habitual logic is completely overturned.

No matter how vivid or vague our dream consciousness may be, it still conveys to our small intellect the beautiful intricacy of our existence. Day after day we work and work; day after day we struggle for our existence; and yet it never seems to dawn on some of us that within our seemingly commonplace being lie hidden mysteries, which, if revealed, would bewilder and frighten us.

Do dreams throw any light upon our real self? Do they give us any clue to the tremendous significance of our life on this earth? Do they reveal that life is one great big illusion? Those who have devoted their entire lifetime to the study of this subject tell us that dreams do reveal all these things. Here, however, I am not going to prove any of these facts, since they can be obtained in any good book on the subject. I shall try to show you that time—as we know it—is an illusion.

Three years ago I became very much interested in the study of dreams because I had noticed, that on several occasions, some of the incidents occurring in my dreams, would take place in my waking life, two or three days afterwards. As any of you in my position would have acted, I began to wonder how it could be possible to perceive the future in dreams. Being a skeptic at heart, I argued myself into the belief that my memory was playing me a trick. Finally, however, I hit upon a plan to verify my dream experiences. Every morning upon awaking, I would lie in bed for five minutes and recall a dream as carefully as possible; afterwards, I would make a careful memorandum of it. One month of this practice, with

no result to encourage my expectations, brought me almost to the edge of the conclusion—that my memory had tricked me in my previous dream experiences. However, partly because it had already become a habit with me, I continued to make a record of my dreams, and finally a ray of hope brightened the gloom of my disappointment.

The night before I had had an exceptionally vivid dream; the scenery was not confused—as rarely is the case in this state—and the events were so deeply engraved in my sleeping consciousness that I was able to recall them the next day with no difficulty. I paid no particular attention to this dream, when I made a record of it, until three days afterwards when the incident took place. The automobile in which I was riding with some relatives overturned, and I suffered a fractured leg. Everything took place exactly as revealed to me in my dream—the only modification being that the accident did not take place in the vehicle (a bus) presented in the dream.

This case—as you may, with full justice, say—might have been a pure coincidence and therefore would tend to prove nothing. I may assure my readers that I did not become convinced of the prophetic power of dreams until a sufficient number of verifications—enough to offset all possibilities of coincidence—had been realized.

Before me, on the table on which I am writing, lies my memorandum; it contains my dream records covering a period of three years; and having gone carefully over them I find that thirty-eight per cent. of all these dreams have taken place in actual life.

My testimony—and I realized how poor it is—may not convince some of you, but to such I can only say that the study of this subject is within the reach of everyone, and thus all can prove for themselves that the future is really existing in the present—not figuratively, but literally speaking.

In making this personal experience public—an experience which few would have dared to make because of the ridicule of their friends—I have tried to realize an earnest desire to see more of my fellow students take up the study of this fascinating subject and tear apart the veil which shrouds it in the deepest mystery.

H. Herne

Frühlingslied

Stella Argand

mf

lei se Klingt durch mein Ge mü t lieb li

mp

ches Ge läu te Klin ge Klei nes Früh ling's lied Kling' hin aus ins

Wei te Kling hin aus bis an das Haus wo die Blu men sprie

mf

ff

ssen Wenn du ei ne Ro se schaut sag ich lass sie grü ssen

DEATH OF ADONAI

By Ovid Rizzolo

A golden star illumines the sky
And bears sad tidings from on high;
The pride of Venus is no more,
Adonais' dead the Gods deplore.
His vital thread is cut ere time.
Cut, ere he has had his prime.
Oh hide, cruel Fates, thy heads in shame!
And never 'gain be praised thy name.
Adonais, sacred youth, lies pale
On flowery bed within the dale.
From crimson wound on snowy side
Drips sparkling blood o'er daisies pied.
From tender lips his rose is flown,
His cheeks are wan as lilies strown.
The sparkle of his azure eyes
Has faded like the starry skies.
Bright Venus mourns her lover dead,
With tears laments his broken thread;
The Loves in grief their locks have shorn
And through the woods they silent mourn.
With tears the seas assail their shores,
In grief the gods withhold their wars.
The aged oaks with tears deplore,
Adonais fair shall smile no more.

SUNRISE

By Tillie Gandel

Red glows o'er the horizon,
The moon goes down in the west,
This is the one and only time
I really love the best.

At first there is a glimmer
Of the bright and glowing sun,
Which serves as a remembrance
That the day has just begun.

And then the sun does rise,
Lighting the darkest cove,
Thence it moves up in the skies,
And people begin to rove.

Some go to their daily toil
Amidst the dust and noise,
Others to the sea-shore go,
And there they derive their joys.

And lo! the glimmer is gone,
The sun is already supreme,
And now we have no glimmer,
What we have is a gleam.

"LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!"

By Maxwell Weinberg

My vacation had just started and two idle weeks loomed ahead—idle, because I had nothing definite in mind to do. One day my brother came home and told me that he had joined a small company that was going to make a motion picture. Since they were short on help and had to start work at once, he told me that I could come to the studio and act as the chief electrician. At last! Here was something definite to do—something that gave promise of holding my interest—something that I had always wanted to do—to be admitted into a moving picture studio, and more than that, to know that I was to be directly connected with the production of a film. I can assure you that I felt important. I asked when we were going to begin, and was told that since the strong

Klieg lights required extra power, the shooting could only be done after all power in the neighborhood was shut off. We were to begin every night at about nine-thirty and were to work until we finished the particular scenes that were scheduled for that night (which was usually from five to six the next morning).

Then came the day when I was first to go to the studio, to be introduced to the director, the cameraman, the actors, and everyone else. When I first stepped into the studio, I immediately came to the conclusion that I would have the time of my life there. The whole place was a mass of props, large lights with cable strung all over the floor, and in one corner, mounted on a tripod, was a large professional camera,—a director's chair with his name painted on

THE PIVOT

the back, and a megaphone. I looked for a pair of puttees which I thought was essential to every director, but there were none to be seen.

I was introduced to everyone present, and was told to remove my coat, and get to work. The cameraman came over to me and told me where to place the lights for the next scene. His conversation was something like this: "I want two five-hundred watt Inkys (that means incandescent lights) over there in the corner, two Hard lights (lights which work by means of carbons instead of bulbs) raised high, and a Baby spot (a small spotlight) under my camera." This order meant little or nothing to me at first because I didn't know what it was all about, but I learned the names of the various lights in a short time. When I had finished placing the lamps, each of which was big and clumsy, and had no mean weight, the cameraman took me over to a box, which looked like a cigar box stood on end. This box had five or six rectangular holes in it, and he told me that that was the "Spider box"—which meant the box into which each of the cables from the lamps were to be plugged. Each light had a number, and the plugs at the end of each lamp's cable had a corresponding number. When the cameraman called for light number five, I was to take plug number five, and plug it into the spider box. I tried this, and made up my mind then and there that if all I had to do was to put a plug into a box, my part of the business would be quite simple. But I learned differently very soon. Little did I know that I would have to work, and work hard, in shirt-sleeves, from ten o'clock one night, to above five-thirty the next morning. But I started to work with a will.

The first scene we were to take was a murder scene. The cameraman came over to me and told me where to place my lights. I set them, and then, being the chief "props" too, I had to get the set ready. I prepared the gun, put in a blank cartridge for the flash, put a nice, soft mattress for the murdered man to fall on, and then thought that everything was ready. But, as the murder was to take place in front of a tenement house, it was necessary to get some dirt for the sidewalk. This meant a trip to the neighboring lots with big bags and shovels, to carry in dirt for the scene. It was about this time when I began to get an inkling that my work would not only consist of plugging in lights.

The set was made ready. Everything was set. I was stationed at the spider box, teeming with excitement. I was ready to assist materially in the making of a "movie." Suddenly the bellowing voice of the director awakened me from my reverie. "Everybody on the set!" was the cry. From another room, the sound of a loud bell was heard. Actors came scurrying on the set—one fixing a costume, another straightening a stray wisp of hair, still another taking a last hurried puff on a cigarette. The actors took their places. And then, after a short rehearsal of the scene, came the voice of the director: "Lights! Camera! Action!" I immediately plugged in all the lights and felt relieved when they all lit—nothing was wrong. The cameraman started grinding. The actors began. And I watched—I saw the two lovers in passionate embrace—I saw the entrance of the husband—the horror on the lover's face on seeing the husband—the fight—the drawing of the gun—the gun being knocked from the husband's hand—the horror-stricken wife picking up the gun—aiming it point-blank into the struggling mass—the loud report—a flash—and the husband turning round, stunned, bewildered, falling to the ground, clutching a spot in his shirt. "Cut," bellows the director, and the scene is over, the husband has been murdered, and he can leave for the night. But not so with the others. The actors hurry off the set to get a bit of rest while the next scene is being prepared. The cameraman cries to me: "Kill all your lights—leave one inky on." And then I respond quickly with an "O. K." The camera-man sits down for a little rest. Someone brings up sandwiches and coffee for the crowd. Everybody joins in the repast—even I, for am I not chief "props" and "electrician"?

While waiting, the actors entertain each other. One comedian starts to sing a song. The others join in the chorus. Someone in a corner begins to strum on a broken ukelele. Soon, a whole group are making merry—even though they are tired—they have been working since ten o'clock last night, and it is already three A. M. Another scene is yet to be taken.

I am told the position of the lights in the next scene. The cameraman focuses his camera on the set, the director reads the scenario for the next bit of action. I hold up a board before the camera with the number of the scene. This is to facilitate the cutting and editing of the film upon completion. And

there is time out, for the camera must be reloaded with fresh film. This must be done in a dark room—no light must touch the film. After the camera has been reloaded, everything is ready.

Again comes the voice of the director. Again begins the monotonous cranking of the camera. This time we take some close-ups of the actors. Two strong lights are placed side by side and the actor must stand between them. The heat is terrific. Every once in a while the actors must wipe the perspiration from their brows. But soon the close-ups are finished, and the whole company can go—the shooting for the day has been completed. Everyone rushes to the dressing rooms—welcoming the soothing cold cream which removes the make-up from their faces. The studio is locked. Everyone leaves. The director, the cameraman, the scenarist (who was my brother), and

I, the “chief electrician” and “props” go into a restaurant for a light breakfast. It is already daylight. The streets are being flushed for the day’s business. Workmen can be seen hurrying to cars and buses with lunch pails and morning papers. And I go home, spend the best part of the day in delightful and calming slumber, arise towards evening, and prepare for another night at the studio.

But even though the work was hard, it was extremely interesting, and I went every night until the finish of the picture. One night I even acted in a small part as a newspaper reporter, because there was a shortage of actors. And when I saw the completed picture on the screen I could hardly recognize myself.

And so ended one of the best experiences I have ever had—though I worked hard I enjoyed myself every minute of the time.

“YON BUD THAT FAIN WOULD DANCE”

By Otto Melito

Sleep ye no more, the time has come,
And harken clear
To sweet melodious *Voice that made ye all.*
Hark ye and drink that lolling hum,
That eager ear
Of man would gladly sip with lips so small.

The tender shoot, and leaf, and grass
Are waltzing gay
To wordless tunes that zephyr blends with care:
While feath’ry lutes in verdant mass
Invite the Day
To stay its ceaseless pace and pleasures share.

Yon bud, that fain would dance and ope
Her shrine to light
Of day, and wed herself to gaze of man,
Awaits your art; speed thou her hope
That gives her right
To charms allotted her by Sacred Plan.

The moonlit Night did deftly set
Her bird-like throat,
That sways with airy sprites and gentle fay,
With string of dewy pearls: then met
Her lips afloat
In fragrant air, just as it stole away.

The quiv’ring Dawn awoke and spread
Her Jealous eye,
But as the claim of Night it now beheld,
With fire was shod its haughty head,
And blushed the sky,
As close in rosy arms the bud it held.

Pale death broke through the eyes of Dawn
As with just rage
Majestic Day fired forth its slighted power;
Brief was the test—and bird and fawn
Did then engage
To hail the lord of light that kept its lofty bow’r.



IMPRESSIONS FROM A CRUISE AROUND THE WORLD

(Through the courtesy of Mr. O'Brien)

Our first surprise in a long succession of strange contrasts came with our sudden entrance into balmy warm weather, two days after leaving New York on a cold winter's day. Our southward course brought this about.

The middle of January seemed a strange time to find verdure in full summer bloom at Madeira.

Springtime kept us company along the Riviera, and the African coast was gay with flowers.

Gradually snake-charming, magic, and sorcery grew more common in the Orient as we proceeded eastwards, reaching its height in India.

Djibouti, green with palm trees, once the land of Punt with its frankincense and myrrh regaled us with dances by African natives from the interior of Abyssinia.

Then came India, with its crowds, strange and startling customs, temples and odd religions, arresting the attention with a power hard to explain.

Languid tropical islands followed one another like an index, from a geography.

Malaysia fed us many queer fruits we did not know of before our visit, and the wild peoples entertained us with songs and pantomime.

Strange gods greeted us everywhere, and animals held prominent places in the religious worship of many countries we visited. Some of these animals are snakes, birds, monkeys, deer, horses, buffalo and elephants.

The art and architecture of the foreign lands, the

dress, or lack of it, of the natives, their food and its preparation was of great interest to us and we found five months far too short a time in which to learn much or to satisfy our curiosity.

China fascinated us. Its theatres were so different from the kind we are accustomed to, the audience making a real event of the attendance by bringing along large quantities of food.

Japan was like an animated picture book. It was beautifully colorful in its foliage and the clothing of its people. Quaintness in everything seemed to be the key-note.

Hawaii we shall ever remember as the most delightful of our tropic stopping places. Its beach at Waikiki is still vivid in our memory with outrigger canoes, surf-boards and great breakers.

California was in regal summer dress when we motored over its lovely highways on our shore excursions.

Nine days later we entered the Atlantic through the Panama Canal. This great work is a monument to the genius of the American army.

Havana came next, a bit of old Spain. We were feted by the government; saw lots of interesting things, and hope to visit this land of sunshine again.

Beautiful horizons of every kind filled us with praise on our long journey but the sky line of New York ablaze with light was a grand climax to all we saw, and you may be sure it looked good to us after our long absence.

"SUCCESS

By Maxwell Weinberg

It was a dark and foggy night—the air was thick with an overhanging mist that seemed to envelope everything in a grayish mantle. From the river came the low, ominous hoots of the tugs. The streets were wet from the afternoon rain. Ed Stone shuddered with uneasiness as he groped his way through the mists. The purpose of his errand, together with the clamminess of the night, made him feel altogether miserable. But it had to be done tonight. If he did not get

what he was after tonight—then—he knew very well what was in store for him. He even shuddered when he thought of it. And to discourage him, many of his friends told him that old man Bowers was the hardest man in the city to deal with. He was wondering if he would be successful—so much depended on it—and things had a habit of going wrong with him at the most crucial moments.

He turned down Eighteenth Avenue. The street

was deserted and dark, save for one lone light which seemed to pierce the fog like a beacon. It was in the place of his intended visit. He almost wished that when he arrived the light would be out, and he would at least have an excuse for not carrying out his mission. But there it shone, and it seemed to shine more brilliantly than ever.

He came to the door and rang the bell. A few moments elapsed and then the door was opened and he was admitted. His heart was pounding furiously. At last, the fatal moment had come. Old man Bowers was seated in an easy chair, reading his paper. As he saw Stone, he rose, extended his hand and asked him what it was that he wanted. Instead of

answering him, Stone drew a bulky object from the inside of his coat, and thrust it forward to Bowers—and before he had a chance to speak, Bowers interrupted him: “Of course, my boy, I’ll take a full-page ‘ad’ in the PIVOT. I just made a thousand dollar sale and I think I can spare you fifteen dollars. Just let me have one of those ‘ad’ blanks you have there in your hand.”

This morning, in the psychopathic ward of the City Hospital, when we inquired, we were told that Ed Stone was doing fine, and that he would be able to come back to school within a day or two. Most of the effects of a bad shock had worn off completely.

OUR OFFICERS

By Maxwell Weinberg

President: OTTO MELITO

He’s short—dark-haired—olive-skinned—talks with a little accent which makes his words flow smoothly—calm—hardly ever excited—asks for order in the meeting room and gets it—makes us feel guilty of holding up the progress of the meeting by our conversation—He’s shy—but hasn’t an inferiority complex—can assert himself—but doesn’t seem severe—has very marked executive ability—knows how to give orders and have them carried out—never boasts—is very popular—was elected president of the senior class by an overwhelming majority—served as president for two consecutive terms—and is sure of making the present senior class a success in all ways.

HARRY LENTZ, Vice-President

He’s a little noisier than the rest of the officers. He’s always giving arguments in opposition to the motion on the floor . . . anyone coming into the meeting room is quite sure to see him arguing with every other officer in the room, including the members and the faculty advisor . . . he’s always willing to try something new in the way of class activity . . . always proposing new affairs for the class to run . . . always talking, yet not seeming to say much . . . if all the plans that Harry has already proposed were laid end to end they would sure look funny . . . but hardly any of them ever has materialized . . . he’s very obliging . . . always smiling and happy . . . and after all, he’s a good scout.

NATHAN MADRIS, Secretary

He works in a drug store, and therefore he’s always mixing potassium sodium, three grains, in his conversation . . . when he is conversing, which is not so very often . . . he’s always willing to take a joke as well as play one . . . he never even thought of being secretary of the graduating class until he was nominated . . . and with the nomination came his election . . . he’s the first boy secretary of the graduating class in some time . . . and when he was elected everybody thought that a boy secretary wouldn’t know how to take minutes . . . but they soon lost that idea when Nate got started . . . He’s always to be seen with Dave Ontell in the back row on the platform in assembly and usually the two are engrossed in deep discussion . . . one of his favorite sports is playing checkers . . . another one is eating (and we can’t blame him for that, can we?) . . . he isn’t the *best* scholar, but everybody can’t be Otto Melito or a Dave Ontell, can he?

DAVID ONTELL, Treasurer and Business Manager.

He’s what all women want in a man . . . tall . . . dark . . . handsome . . . he’s very quiet and looks it . . . wears a grey suit most of the time (not the same one always) . . . his hobby is reading books on business . . . he’s very interested in high finance . . . we think that his ambition is to be a stock and bond broker . . . maybe it is . . . he

(Continued on Page 50)

MANHOOD PLEDGES

By Muriel Rogers

Boom! Boom! Boom!
Ki yi, Ki ya, Ki yi—
Boom! Boom! Boom!

The powerful tribe of Wangu was holding its annual celebration to the great spirit, O Yan Ah. It was night. The festivities were drawing to a close. All day the drums had beaten, the people had danced, prayed, made offerings upon the altar of their great omnipotent. They had sung, they had feasted and now all that remained to be done were the initiation of the Wangu boys of 18 into manhood.

Forty-eight young males, tall, supple, and strong in their youth had passed their various difficult tests that called for strength, grit, endurance and perseverance. But though these tests were difficult the boys of Wangu with the thick blood of hamitic heroes coursing through their veins, had passed. Out of the fifty that departed, forty-eight returned, the other two having fallen the prey of stalking, hungry panthers.

Tonight these successful ones were making ready in their respective homes to go to give the Wangu pledge of manhood. One of these was Malli, son of Unea, the tribe chancellor.

This Malli, tall of figure, strong of muscle, graceful of movement, the leader, the favorite who held the respect of the boys, the admiration of the girls and the full approval of the adults, was now adorning himself with ceremonial paints, weapons and jewelry. Crowding around him to look with admiring eyes, to help with willing hands, were his many friends and relatives. Excitement reigned. Everyone spoke at once but no one listened.

"Hey, somebody find my spear!" cried Malli.

"Hurry, boy, you're almost late; come on!" cried his uncle.

Out they rushed, happy, excited, laughing, talking, to the scene of the general festivities.

But behind them, hanging on a rack on the wall of the hut, was the mute victim of this excitement—Malli's spear—forgotten.

Back in the forest, old Ualuha, the sly panther, listened with joyful heart. "Now to get a tender brown babe to grace my hungry stomach!" For twelve years he had regarded the members of Wangu tribe as his choice dish. Every now and again he

had slipped in, seized one, and slipped out again without being harmed. How he enjoyed these toothsome victims in the seclusion of his leafy home. But he had to be wary. A guard was posted and many times he had just escaped being caught. But tonight everybody expected the young babies and old cripples were at the feast in the center of the village. Now could he boldly step in and secure food in peace.

He sneaked into the village. Not a single guard! He sniffed. Yes, in the hut right before him he smelled a person not too old and not too young. He jumped to the window, crouched, prepared to spring.

Inside was Malli.

"Now what in this world caused me to forget my spear? I had to run back like sixty for it and now I might be late."

His hand closed upon his forgotten spear. He lifted it and turned to leave.

His glance struck the window. His body froze. His heart beat against his ribs. His throat seemed parched.

Green eyes looked into black eyes. Man faced animal. Terrible Zaluha, who for twelve years held the village in terror.

Zaluha sprang.

Cold sweat poured down Malli's face. He quivered. Wi-i-i-sh! Plop!

Years of practice had caused Malli to involuntarily aim his spear. It sped straight into the heart of old Zaluha who dropped with a plop.

"Frombria! I killed him. O Yan Ah, thou most omnipotent, I thank thee."

With shaking fingers, Malli fastened a fibre rope around the dead panther's neck and with spear in one hand, rope in the other, triumphantly dragged his catch to the festal place.

"Malli, where were you? The pledges were said. You are too late."

Too late. Cold fear struck Malli's heart. How strongly he had hoped, anticipated this night when he would become a full-fledged man. A person of importance. But now he was too late, too late. Oh!"

"Tell your story, Malli." A command broke in upon the befuddled brain of the sorrowful boy. He

(Continued on Page 67)

FROM
PRINCIPAL



TO PARENT

November 4, 1929.

Dear Parents:

The earth was made for man. It is a place for his development. Man cannot be animal minded and get out of life its joys. He must be a soul-builder, a creator, and a distributor of God's gifts. Remember that the big man is he who takes an idea and makes of it a genuine success, bringing his ship into port. The principle of development is fundamental in this world. Everything earthly is the result of it. Therefore teach your children to grow physically, mentally, morally. Teach them to give tone to our social system by liberating good will and by broadcasting throughout our great country the idea that continued development of the individual means progress and success.

Very truly yours,

William Weiner

Principal.

Dedicated to the Faculty Advisor of the Class of November, 1929



MR. VICTOR H. SCHLEICHER



PRESIDENT AND EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
MELITO, OTTO

183 Abington Avenue Classical: Rutgers
"Man of polite learning and a liberal education."
Vice-President 4C; President 4B; President 4A; President
Philosophy Club.



*Sincerely,
Harry Lentz*
VICE-PRESIDENT
LENTZ, HARRY

262 Schley Street Classical: Illinois College of Chiropody
"Rise in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple
and childlike."
Boys' Service Club; Naturalist Club; Glee Club; Tennis
Club; Swimming Club; Entertainment Committee 4C; Belles
Lettres Club; High Hats; Glee Club.



SECRETARY
MADRIS, NATHAN

301 Belmont Avenue Commercial Latin: N. Y. U.
"Those who think must govern those that toil."
Boys' Service Club; Stadium Dedication; Penmanship
Award; Secretary 4A.



TREASURER AND BUSINESS MANAGER
ONTELL, DAVID

316 15th Avenue Commercial: N. Y. U.
"Short is my date, but deathless my renown."
4B Treasurer; G. O. Delegate (2); Chairman Merit Award;
Boys' Service Club; Chess and Checker Club; Freshman
Rally; Naturalist Club; Philosophy Club; Archon Club;
Chairman Constitutional Committee of Archon Club; 4A
Treasurer; Business Manager of Pivot; Penmanship Award;
Hall Duty; Pivot Board; Old English "C"; Entertainment
Committee Archon Club; Entertainment Committee 4C.

THE PIVOT

ASSISTANT EDITOR EISEMAN, SELMA

519 Clinton Place General Latin: N. J. C.

"Her smile is like a rainbow flashing from a misty sky."

Corresponding Secretary Dramatic Club; Chairman Magazine Committee; Belles Lettres Club; Girls' Service Club; Hall Duty; Winner of Chevron; Usher at Graduation (2); Sewing Exhibitions (3); Sewing Contest.



ASSISTANT EDITOR LEVIN, FLORENCE F.

609 18th Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business

"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."

Entertainment Committee; Hostess at 4B Dance; Belles Lettres; Studio Club; Art Exhibition; Penmanship Award; Stadium Exhibition; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



ASSISTANT EDITOR WEINBERG, MAXWELL

60 Orange Street Commercial French: Undecided

"Art is Power."

President Photoplay Club; Commercial Club; Chess and Checker Club; Pivot Board.



ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER WARNECKE, MARGARETHA E.

221A 6th Avenue Commercial: Business

"Let gentleness my strong enforcement be."

Tennis Club; Winner of Chevrons; Rope Dance; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; 4B Publicity Committee; 4A Entertainment Committee.





ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGER

STILLMAN, RUTH

585 15th Avenue Commercial Spanish: Hebrew Normal School

"Faith, that's as well said as if I had said it myself."

Treasurer (3); Vice-President Girls' Service Club; Hall Committee (3); Belles Lettres; Entertainment Committee (3); Delegate at dedication of tablet for first Newark Newspaper; Usher at Graduation (3); Cast of "Hinges of Hades"; Guest at Garden Party of the Newark Museum on Girls' Day; Penmanship Award; Honor Roll.



SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

KUTIN, MAX

Commercial: Undecided

"He, perfect dancer, climbs the rope, and balances your fear and hope."

President Boys' Service Club; Chairman of Freshman Rally '29; Chess and Checker Club; Central Studio Club; Central Orchestra '27; Represented Central at Glee Club in combined '27, '28, '29; Basketball Squad '27; Pivot Board; Chairman of Hall Duty Committee; Master of Ceremonies at Freshman Rally.



ANDERSON, MARGARET

29 Cedar Avenue

Commercial: Business

"A quiet conscience makes one so serene."

Honor Roll; Penmanship Award; Typing Award.



BIJOR, HELEN J.

83 Speedway Avenue

Commercial: Business

*"She set her heart upon the goal,
Not on the prize."*

Girls' A. A.; Swimming Club; Studio Club; Glee Club; Belles Lettres; Pentathlon '27, '28; Basketball Varsity Team '28; Chevrons; Dancing Exhibition at Mosque; Music Exhibition; Penmanship Award.

*To one of the
best girls I
ever knew
Helen Bijor*

THE PIVOT

BERG, BELLE N.

82 Aldine Street Fine Arts: Ithaca Conservatory of Music
*"When she had passed it seemed like the ceasing of
 exquisite music."*

Pivot Board; Schubert Singers; Choral Club; Orchestra
 '28, '29; President, Secretary Music Club; Chorus Music
 Festival '28; Glee Club '27, '28; Library Club; Sewing Club;
 Tennis Club; Orchestra, Girls' Week.



BINDI, LOUIS

136 N. 15th Street General Latin: U. of S. California
*"A moral, sensible, and well-bred man,
 Will not affront me, and no other can."*

President Latin Club; Italian Club; Stadium Dedication.



BISCHOFF, HELMUTH A.

General: College of Agriculture, Texas
*"A noble mind disdains to hide his head,
 And let his foes triumph in his overthrow."*
 Chess and Checker Club.



BRESIN, IRVING

116 Avon Avenue Commercial German: N. Y. U.
"I look upon you as a gem of the old rock."
 Penmanship Award; Stadium Dedication.





BRESSMAN, FRIEDA

314 Bank Street

General Spanish: N. Y. U.

*"Come and trip it as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe."*

Girls' Service Club; G. O. Delegate; Sewing Exhibitions (4); Representative at Mosque Girls' Week; Model at Bamberger Fashion Show; Sewing Club.



BRUDER, SARA

70 16th Avenue

General German: Undecided

*"Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And the fresh floweret pluck ere it close."*

German Club; Latin Club; Stadium Dedication; Studio Art Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



CHUZ, SOPHIE S.

277 Peshine Ave. Comm. German: N. J. Nor. for Jewish Teach.

"Good luck be with thee."

German Club; Girls' Service Club; Belles Lettres; Honor Roll; Penmanship Award.



CLAYTON, RICHARD E.

503 Clinton Avenue

Technical: Newark Tech.

*"Praise from a friend, or censure from a foe,
Are lost on hearers that your merits know."*

Baseball '26, '27; Technical Club; Aeronautical Club; Secretary '29; Orchestra '26, '27, '28; All-City Orchestra '28; State Orchestra Competition 3rd Prize; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Morris Canal Dedication; Boots and Saddles Club; First Newspaper Dedication '28; Architectural Exhibition, New York '29.

CORIN, JEROME

325 Waverly Avenue Classical: New Jersey Law School
"Attain the unattainable"



CRONSHEY, HALSEY

77 Oraton Street Technical: Undecided
"His mind is his kingdom, and his will his law."

Hi-Y President, Vice-President; Vice-President Scientific Club; President Technical Club (2); Aeronautical Club President; G. O. Delegate; Rifle Club; Manager Baseball '28.



DEL TUFO, VINCENT RICHARD

140 Fourth Avenue Commercial Art: U. of S. California
*"Music religious heat inspires,
 It wakes the soul, and lifts it high."*

Music Club; Glee Club; Photoplay Club; Varsity Track Team '26, '27; Art Exhibit '28, '29; School Jazz Orchestra; Music Presentation, Morris Canal Tablet Unveiling; Italian Club.



DOBRIN, EPHRAIM

117 Rose Terrace General: C. C. N. Y.
"The love of money is the root of all evil."
 Treasurer of Naturalist Club; Boys' Service Club.





DUFFORD, RICHARD

21 Warren Place Commercial: Undecided
"Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength."
 Typing Award.



FISCHER, MORRIS

206 Charlton Street Commercial: Undecided
"Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."
 Philosophy Club.



FRIEDMAN, LOUIS LEONARD

60 Stratford Place General: Pace Institute
"I wish you all the joy that you can wish."
 Secretary-Treasurer of Boys' Service Club; Naturalist Club; Dramatic Club; Chess and Checker Club; Orchestra '27, '28; Orchestra at Dr. Corson's Banquet at Robert Treat Hotel; Orchestra at Teachers' Convention at Schubert Theatre.



FREIDMAN, SOPHIE

298 Goldsmith Avenue Commercial: N. J. Law School and Newark Normal for Hebrew Teachers
"She is only fantastical that is not in fashion."
 German Club; Belles Lettres; Library Club; Sewing Club; Sewing Exhibition (2); Penmanship Awards (2); Sesqui-Centennial Parade.

GAMBA, LUCILLE

345 Fairmount Avenue Commercial Spanish: Panzer Normal
"And this fair maiden more willing than the rest."

Art Exhibition '29; Pivot Board; Italian Club; Treasurer
 Swimming Club; G. A. A. Tennis Club; Penmanship Awards
 (4); G. O.; Member Girls' Pentathlon '29; Sesqui-Centennial
 Parade; Dancing Exhibition '27, '28; Chevrons (4).



GANDEL, TILLIE M.

126 16th Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business
"I would help others."

Dramatic Club; Studio Club; Art Exhibition; Girls' Swim-
 ming Club; Penmanship Award; Stadium Exhibition; Sesqui-
 Centennial.



GAUCH, HENRIETTA

12 Edmonds Place Commercial Spanish: Business
"'Tis good-will makes intelligence."

Typing Medal; winner of Chevrons (2); Studio Club.



GELLER, PEARL P.

123 Barclay Street Commercial German: Undecided
"Women know not the whole of their coquetry."

Winner of Typing Award; Chevron; Penmanship Awards
 (2); Rope Dance; Entertained at 4A Frolic; Maypole Dance;
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Entertain-
 ment Committee 4C; Pivot Board; Dancing Exhibition.





GLEICHER, SOL

299 Hunterdon Street

General: N. Y. U.

"Large was he in form and large also in heart."

Gym Team '27; Indoor Track '27, '28, '29; Outdoor Track '28, '29; Football '28; Swimming '29; Studio Club.



GOLDBLATT, DOROTHY B.

230 Hillside Avenue

Commercial: Business

"I laugh at the world, and the world laughs at me."

Studio Club.



GORDON, MILDRED MARIAN

319 Renner Avenue

Commercial Spanish: Business

"Bookful sincerity, and comely love."

Girls' Service Club; Belle Lettres Club; Dramatic Club; 2 Typing Awards; Corresponding Secretary of Dramatic Club; Winner of Chevron; Penmanship Award; Chairman Entertainment Committee, 4C Class; Hostess, 4B Class; Pivot Board; Assistant Librarian, Belle Lettres Club.



GRAFF, MINNA S.

537-539 So. 16th Street

Commercial German: Columbia

"Nobody ought to have been able to resist her coaxing manners."

Literary Club President (2), Vice-President, Secretary; Belles Lettres; German Club; G. O. Delegate; Board of "Allerlei"; Editor of "Allerlei"; Girls' Service Club; Penmanship Awards (3); Tennis Club; Swimming Club; Pivot Board; Typing Award.

GRANICK, ANNA

98 Lyons Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business
"Grace was all in her steps."

Belles Lettres Club Assistant Librarian; Service Club; The Make-Up Box; Chevrons (2); Penmanship Award; G. O. Member; Art Exhibition '29.



GRIFFIN, JOSEPH L.

29 Hartford Street Fine Arts: Columbia
"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe."

Community Chest Drive '27; Art Exhibition '27, '28, '29; First Award 1st Annual Safety Poster Contest '28; Second Award 2nd Annual Safety Poster Contest '29.



GROSSMAN, MANUEL

512 Hunterdon Street General: New York University
*"The man who by his labor gets his wish,
Himself can fix or change his fate."*

Glee Club; Dramatic Club; German Club; May Music Festival '29 at Mosque; Cast of "The Turtle Dove."



GRUBIN, RUTH ESTELLE

289 Hunterdon Street Commercial: N. J. Law School
"With her eyes in flood with laughter."

Girls' Swimming Club; Naturalist Club; Tennis Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Penmanship Award (2); Typing Award.





GUTTMAN, REGINA

507 18th Avenue

General: N. J. C.

"These lovely lamps, these windows of the soul."

Secretary Girls' Service Club; President, Treasurer German Club; Belles Lettres Club; Dramatic Club; Hall Duty; Usher at Graduation (2); Pivot Board.



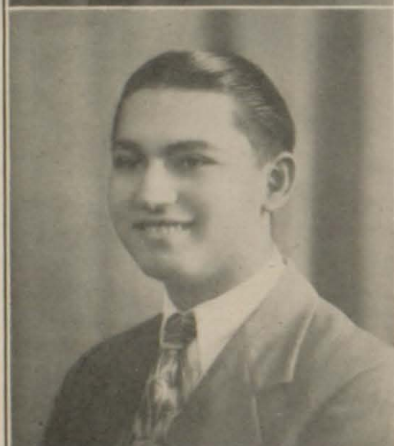
HAKUCHA, MICHAEL

69 Magazine Street

General German: Undecided

"Quiet, but of much ability."

Naturalist Club Vice-President; Central Trombone Class; Orchestra '28, '29; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



HANDLER, RICHARD

240 West Kenney Street

General: Undecided

"For he that runs it well twice runs his race."

Sesqui Parade, 1926; Studio Club.



HENRY, HELEN

43 Finlay Place

Commercial Spanish: Business

"Nothing endures but personal qualities."

Spanish Club; Swimming Club; Typing Awards (2); Chevron; Captain Basketball Team '28.

HIRSCHORN, BETTY

52 Montgomery Street Commercial: N. Y. U.

"Oh, beauty, find thyself in love, not in flattery of thy mirror."

Make-Up Box; Penmanship Award; 4B Publicity Committee.



HORBACK, WILLIAM

52 Richmond Street General: Rutgers

"Mind is ever the ruler of the universe."

President Naturalist Club; Vice-President Naturalist Club; May Festival; Gym Exhibit; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Rifle Club; Photoplay Club.



INGUAGGIATO, THOMAS F.

170 Newton Street Technical: Notre Dame

"I profess not talking only this, Let each man do his best."

Stadium Dedication; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



KAPLAN, MIRIAM

611 18th Avenue Commercial: Business

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Studio Club; Pivot Board.





KARP, GUSSIE

482 So. 17th Street Commercial: N. Y. U.
"The silence that is in the starry sky."
 Girls' Service Club; German Club.



KAST, NETTIE

253 Clinton Place General: Pace Institute
*"Her very frowns are fairer far than smiles of
 other maidens are."*
 Co-organizer of Spanish Club; Studio Club; Girls' Service
 Club; Philosophy Club; Music Festival, May 1929; Hall Duty.



KENNEDY, MILDRED W.

158 James Street Commercial Business
"Happy am I; from care I'm free."
 Studio Club; Art Exhibit '29; G. A. A.; Basketball '29;
 Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Stadium Dedication; Typing
 Awards (2); Penmanship Award (2); German Club.



KIELL, AARON S.

77 Walcott Terrace General: University of Maryland
*"A little nonsense, now and then,
 Is relished by the best of men."*
 German Club; Chairman of Membership Committee, Philoso-
 phy Club; Home Room Delegate; Pivot Board; Glee Club.

KORN, JAMES

162 Prince Street Fine Arts: Undecided
"His hair was of a good color."
 First Award, Second Annual Safety Poster Contest; Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



KULL, MILDRED

314 So. 20th Street Commercial German: Business
*"And her sunny locks,
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece."*
 Belles Lettres Club Treasurer (2); German Club Treasurer; Chevrons; G. A. A.; Penmanship Awards; Sophomore Basketball Team; Board of Allerlei.



LAMPERT, IRVING

176 Huntington Terrace General: Undecided
"Persuasion tips his tongue whenever he talks."
 President of Boys' Service Club (2); Basketball Manager '28, '29; Treasurer (2); Vice-President of Dramatic Club; Business Manager of Chatter (2); Master of Ceremonies at Freshman Rally; English "C".



LIEBMAN, REGINA

261 Broad Street Commercial French: Business
"And even her failings leaned to virtue's side."
 Girls' Athletic Association; Commercial Club; Photoplay Club; Tennis Club; Typing Award.





MATSON, MERRILL S.

411 Lyons Avenue General French: Undecided

*"I value science—none can prize it more,
It gives ten thousand motives to adore."*

Naturalist Club; Secretary, President Studio Club; Vice-President, President Rifle Club; Chess and Checker Club.



MILLER, HELEN

92 16th Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business

"Wearing her wisdom lightly."

Belles Lettres Club; Penmanship Certificate; Typing Award.



NONOSIELSKA, JOSEPHINE

51 Chadwick Avenue Commercial: Business

"I would help others out of a fellow-feeling."

Students' Aid Society; G. A. A.; Girls' Swimming Club;

*To read the
michelle follows
in center of page*



NUSSBAUM, SELMA

320 Peshine Avenue Commercial French: N. J. Law School

*"Speed and soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to Pole."*

Fashion Show; Typing Award; Gym Exhibition at Mosque;
Studio Club.

PAKULSKY, EDITH

353 Hawthorne Avenue General French: Newark Normal

*"Truth is truth,
To the end of reckoning."*

Naturalist Club; Fashion Show, May, 1928.



PALESTINA, ANNE

57 16th Avenue Commercial Art: N. Y. U.

*"Art is the child of nature in whom we trace the
features of the mother's face."*

Library Club; Belles Lettres Club; Penmanship Awards;
Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Sewing Exhibition; Italian Club.



PASSAIC, MARIE ANGELA

51 Nassau Street Commercial: Undecided

"She is a woman, therefore can be won."

Secretary Italian Club (2); Girls' Service Club; G. A. A.;
Swimming Club; Tennis Club; Penmanship Awards (2);
Art Exhibition '29



PILCHMAN, HARRY

25 Ridgewood Avenue Commercial Spanish: N. Y. U.

*"My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find."*

Two Penmanship Awards; City Penmanship Championship
1927; Studio Club; Chess and Checker Club; Commercial
Club.





PINCUS, RUTH HARRIET

32 Wallace Place Commercial German: N. Y. U.

*"Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides."*

Tennis Club; Secretary Students' Aid Society; Typing Award; Stadium Dance.



POLAUER, MAXINE

20 Elm Street Fine Arts: Undecided

*"In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."*

Naturalist Club; Studio Club.



POPACA, WILLIAM J.

280½ Hunterdon Street General: Undecided

"A man of cheerful yesterdays, and confident tomorrows."

1927-'28 Orchestra; State Convention at New Brunswick for Orchestra 1928; Teachers' Convention at Shubert; Dr. Corson's Banquet at Robert Treat Hotel; Philosophy Club.



PORTNOY, ESTHER

Commercial: Business

*"Her kindness rolls from soul to soul,
And grows forever and forever."*

Girls' Service Club; Belles Lettres Club; Orchestra; Penmanship Awards (2); Typing Award; Art Exhibition '29.

PUCIK, JOHN

94 West Street Classical: Pace Institute
*"Gallantry of mind consists in saying flattering
 things in an agreeable manner."*
 Secretary-Treasurer of Philosophy Club; Pivot Board;
 Latin Club; German Club.



RICHARDS, JOSEPH

50 Adams Street General: Undecided
*"I hate the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame."*
 Swimming Club.



ROCHLIN, REBECCA R.

137 Dewey Street Commercial: Business
"She thought no wrong of anyone."
 Dramatic Club, Stage Manager of "The Maid Who
 Wouldn't Be Proper"; Belles Lettres Club Vice-President,
 Secretary (2), Librarian, Assistant Librarian; Girls' Service
 Club; Art Exhibit '29.



ROSEN, JOSEPH A.

146 West Street Classical: N. Y. U.
"And soothely for to say a good fellowe."
 Swimming '29; Latin Club; German Club; Philosophy Club.





ROSENBERG, EDWARD L.

233 Wainwright Street General Latin: Northwestern
"Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind?"
 Captain Tennis Team '29; Tennis '29, '29; Secretary Tennis Club '28.



SAFRIN, ROSE

93 Wainwright Street Commercial French: Business
"So buxom, blithe, and debonair."
 Girls' Service Club; Dramatic Club; Dancing Exhibition; Danced at Mosque.



SALERNO, LYDIA

304 North 7th Street Commercial French: N. Y. U.
*"Fairest and best adorned is she
 Whose clothing is humility."*
 Italian Club; Penmanship Awards; Library Helper, Sesqui-Centennial Parade.



SAMUELS, JULIA

10 Seymour Avenue Commercial: Business
*"What will not woman, gentle woman, dare
 When strong affection stirs her spirit up?"*
 Girls' Athletic Association.

SIBILOWITZ, STELLA

14 Charlton Street Commercial German: Business

*"Born for success, she seemed
With grace to win, with heart to hold."*

Tennis Club; Penmanship Awards (3); Winner of Chevron.



SOEHNLEN, FRANK

65 Demarest Street Commercial: N. Y. U.

"For he was studious—of his ease."

Gym Team '27, '28; Boys' Service Club.



SUNSHINE, NAT L.

40 Rose Terrace Fine Arts Latin: U. of S. California

"Who dares to say that he alone has found the truth."

Sergeant-at-Arms Latin Club; Chairman Latin Club; Hallowe'en Dance '27; Entertainment Committee; Central High School Sports Representative to Newark "Star-Eagle."



TALPINS, BESSIE

315 Peshine Avenue Commercial French: Business

"In faith, lady, you have a merry heart."

Penmanship Award; Typing Award.



*Herbie is wishing lots of luck to
a very nice boy.
Bessie.*



TESSLER, SAMUEL
204 Fairmount Avenue Classical: N. Y. U.
"A smile that glowed."
Philosophy Club; German Club; Latin Club.



VALANT, JOE
56 High Street Commercial: Business
*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?"*
Penmanship Awards (2).



WARNER, FLORENCE
285 Meeker Avenue Classical: Seth Boyden
*"Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are."*
Latin Club '27; Stadium Dance '28.



WENAR, ROSLYN
24 Huntington Terrace Commercial German: Rutgers
"Earth's noblest thing—a woman perfected."
Delegate of G. O.; Photoplay Club; Fashion Show; German Club; Tennis Club; Spanish Club; 4C Dance Committee; Penmanship Awards (2); Maypole Dance; Sewing Club; Rope Dance; Sewing Exhibition.

WIENER, ROSE

55 Peshine Avenue Commercial German: N. Y. U.
"Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."
 Dramatic Club; Naturalist Club; Spanish Club; Penman-
 ship Award.



WINARSKY, EDNA

394 Seymour Avenue Commercial Spanish: Business
"The very pink of perfection."
 July 4 Exhibition Dance at Mosque; Spanish Club; Belles
 Lettres; Girls' Service Club; Philosophy Club.



WOISARD, RUTH A.

Commercial: Business

*"And still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all she knew."*

Girls' Service Club Secretary (3), President; G. O. Dele-
 gate; Belles Lettres Club Vice-President; Sewing Club Vice-
 President, Treasurer (2); G. A. A.; Archon Club; Girls'
 Tennis Club; Sewing Exhibition '27, '28; Honor Roll; Winner
 of Chevron; Penmanship Award; Typing Award; Home
 Room G. O. Delegate; Delegate at Dedication of tablet for
 first Newark newspaper.



WOLLENSCHLAGER, ELWOOD

231 Nye Avenue Technical Course; N. C. of Eng.
*"I cannot rest from travel;
 I will drink life to the lees."*
 Scientific Club; Rifle Club; Tumbling Tea m'27.



THE PIVOT



ZIMMERMAN, GEORGE

122 Alexander Street General Spanish: N. J. Law
"Athletics means the world to me."
 Baseball '28, '29; Pivot Board; Studio Club; Make-Up Box.

CHESNER, ABE

35 Rose Terrace General: Undecided
"To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time."
 Orchestra '27, '28.

DE VAULT, ELISABETH

181 Pomona Avenue Gen'l Spanish: Montclair State T. C.
*"She was a phantom of delight
 When first she gleamed upon my sight."*
 Swimming Club; Naturalist Club; Girls' A. A.

ETTA HORN

11 Avon Place Commercial Art: Business
"An ounce of mirth is worth a pound of sorrow."
 Art Exhibition of 1929; Penmanship Awards (2).

HOROWITZ, REUBEN

325 Peshine Avenue General German: Rutgers
*"Be noble in every thought,
 And in every deed."*
 Glee Club; Sesqui-Centennial Parade; Member of All-City
 High School Chorus at Mosque.

RACZKOWSKI, ANNA

267 Elm Street General French: Columbia
"In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

SUSSMAN, ETHEL M.

255 Sixteenth Avenue Commercial French
*"Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul."*

WASSERMAN, ESTHER

37 Pacific Street Commercial: Business
"Our thought and our conduct are our own."
 Belles Lettres; Swimming Club; Typing Award.

THE BALLOT OF THE 4A'S

Best-Looking Girl—

Frieda Bressman
Ruth Woisard

Best-Looking Boy—

John Pucik
David Ontell

Most Popular Girl—

Marie Passaic
Ruth Stillman

Most Popular Boy—

David Ontell
Irving Lampert

Quietest Girl—

Ruth Woisard
Mildred Kennedy

Quietest Boy—

David Ontell
Morris Fisher

Noisiest Girl—

Florence Levin
Pearl Geller

Noisiest Boy—

Irving Lampert
Harry Lentz

Best Girl Dancer—

Pearl Geller
Josephine Nowosielska

Best Boy Dancer—

Max Kutin
Harry Lentz

Most Respected Girl—

Selma Eiseman
Miriam Kaplan

Most Respected Boy—

Otto Melito
David Ontell

Best Girl Athlete—

Lucy Gamba
Helen Bajor

Best Boy Athlete—

George Zimmerman
Sol Gleicher

Best All-Around Girl—

Mildred Kull
Roslyn Wenar

Best All-Around Boy—

George Zimmerman
Sol Gleicher

Class Pest, Boy—

Seymour Levy
Max Backlar

Class Pest, Girl—

Anna Palestine

Class Baby, Girl—

Minna Graff
Nettie Kast

Class Baby, Boy—

Louis Friedman
Elwood Wollenchlager

Most Conceited Girl—

Ruth Stillman
Roslyn Wenar

Most Conceited Boy—

Irving Lampert
James Korn

Best Dressed Girl—

Sophie Friedman
Frieda Bressman

Best Dressed Boy—

David Ontell
John Pucik

Most Likely to Succeed, Girl—

Helen Miller
Regina Guttman

Most Likely to Succeed, Boy—

Otto Melito
David Ontell

Biggest Drag with Faculty, Girl—

Margaretha Warnecke
Belle Berg

Biggest Drag with Faculty, Boy—

Otto Melito
David Ontell

Most Studious Girl—

Ruth Woisard
Regina Guttman

Most Studious Boy—

Otto Melito
Morris Fisher

THE PIVOT

LOG OF THE C. H. S. "PIVOT"

By Dave Ontell

SEPT. 15, 1929—Cleared dock with all hands on board. Bands playing and colors flying.
(Enthusiasm high.)

"This is a wonderful crew and I know you can bring the good ship PIVOT into port."

First Mate Boyle—"This is a wonderful crew and I know that you can bring the good ship PIVOT into port."

Second Mate Ontell—"This is a wonderful crew and I know, etc."

SEPT. 22—Skipper Schleicher addressing crew and cocking one eye to the threatening clouds and wind: "This crew can do better—the good ship PIVOT must weather the threatening squall . . . you must exert greater efforts." (This above is said with an encouraging and come-on manner.)

First Mate Boyle—"This crew can do better, etc."

Second Mate Ontell—"This crew can do better, etc."

OCT. 1—Skipper Schleicher (addressing crew, trying to conceal his real feelings—storm raging)—"What's the matter with this crew? No speed—no pep—no fuel for the good ship—the ship's fires must be fed plentifully to pull us through. Man the pumps and don't let the dampness put out the fires."

First Mate Boyle—"What's the matter with this crew, etc."

Second Mate Ontell—"What's the matter with this crew, etc."

OCT. 20—Storm worse than ever. Skipper Schleicher (not addressing crew but bawling them out)—

"This is a rotten crew! Shall the good ship PIVOT stop in this storm? Feed the fires and man the pumps."

First Mate Boyle—"This is a rotten crew, etc."

Second Mate Ontell—"This is a rotten crew, etc."

(Everything in confusion.)

OCT. 30—Skipper Schleicher (to any member of the crew, collectively and individually)—"If you don't get more speed out of this ship, I'll throw you in the fires, or the brig. I don't see how we'll ever get to port."

First Mate Boyle—"If you don't get more speed out of this ship, etc."

Second Mate Ontell—"If you don't get more speed out of this ship, etc."

(The crew, not wanting to be fed to the flames, or clapped into the brig, get busy and shake a leg.)

NOV. 5—Skipper Schleicher—"Hurrah! We're speeding into port. Beat the record. No crew was ever so wonderful. You were doing splendidly all the time. (Why should we say so?) No ship was ever so gloriously manned (and womanned) as this good ship PIVOT."

First Mate Boyle—"Hurrah! We're speeding into port, etc."

Second Mate Ontell—"Hurrah! We're speeding into port, etc."

Boloney—and query—"Is there anything in this world you can believe?" The answer to this question can be found in any book on elementary psychology.

CLASS OFFICERS

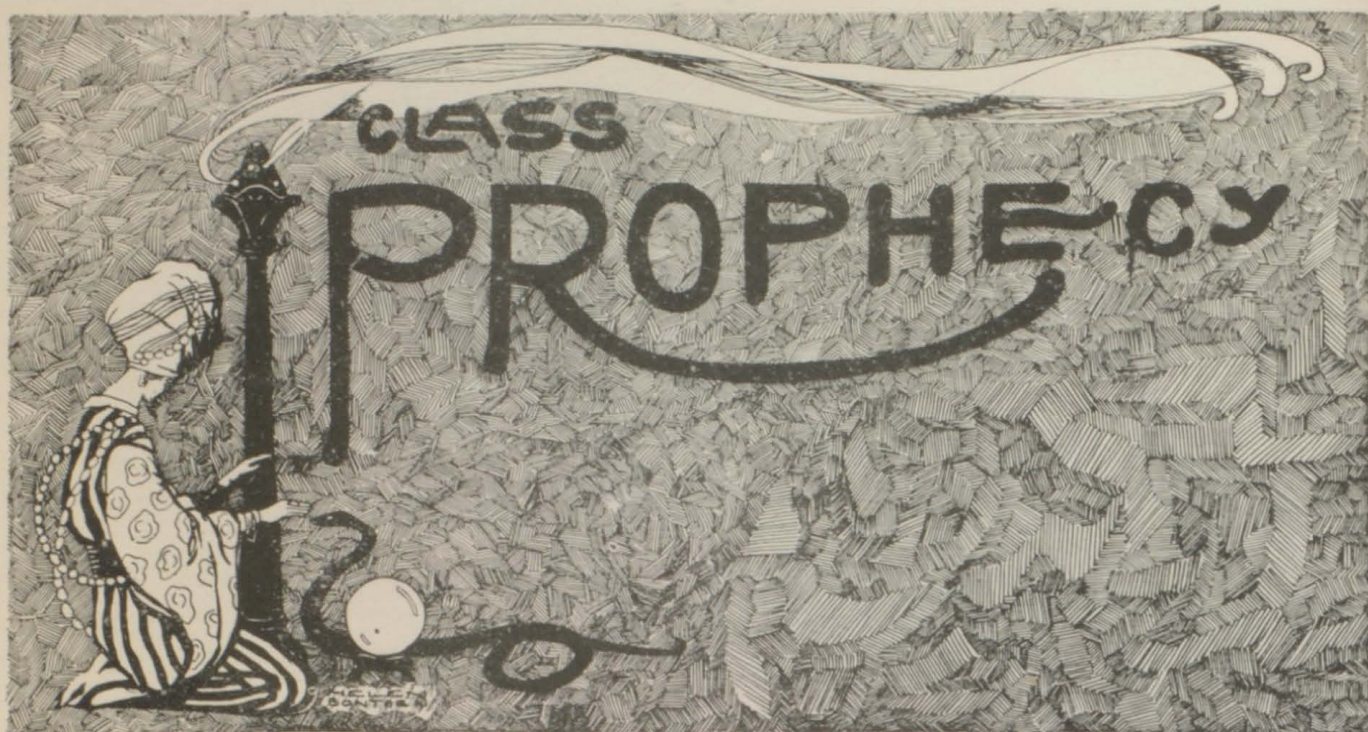
(Continued)

works hard when there is work to be done . . . this term he was appointed as the graduate most fit to take charge of the business end of the PIVOT . . . and on top of that he accepted the position of treasurer of the class after being re-elected for the same office . . . even though you wouldn't think it, he's very fond of sports, and of baseball in particular . . . he's very

active in school . . . belongs to five or six different clubs . . . and does a lot of work for each . . . and what's more, he doesn't seem to mind it . . . and he's still going strong. He hasn't yet flunked a subject (we wonder how he does it—we'll pay him well if he'll let us in on the secret).



OUR SENIORS ENJOY SUMMER



A MEMORABLE OCCASION

By Aaron Kiell

THE TIME: January 5th, 1949.

THE PLACE: Auditorium of Central High School.

The big night had come! The organ was installed and actually completed! The long-thought-of-and-imagined organ was at last a reality, embodied there in the wall in all its glory and splendor. The graduating class of November, 1929, had been exclusively invited to attend the organ's premier recital because they, of all classes, had so heroically struggled for the organ's realization, and had contributed so generously (buttons and lead pennies) towards its fulfillment.

The Head Usher, Irving Lampert, could be seen in the assembly, coaching his assistant ushers, Sarah Bruder, Margaret Anderson, and Belle Berg, how to receive the uninvited guests. On each side of the door, Dorothy Goldblatt and Henrietta Gauch were standing impatiently, patiently waiting to distribute the programs.

The first guests to arrive were Mr. and Mrs. George Zimmerman (formerly Gussie Karp), who were followed by John Pucik with his four children trailing him in alphabetical order. After the entrance of Mildred Kennedy, Helen Henry, and Bessie Talpins, the prominent inferior decorators, the auditorium filled

quickly. David Ontell made a spectacular entrance by waltzing to his seat, his partner being, naturally, Regina Guttman. On the left, Harry Lentz was smoking a fat cigar and looking like a disgusted millionaire. In the center of the assembly were a group of noisy people, the attraction being Nettie Kast, the "If" girl, and the attentive admirers listed in the telephone directory as Joe Rosen, Louis Bindi, and Richard Dufford. The recital being an unimportant event, the star reporter of the Plumbers' Daily News, Louis Friedman, and Seymour Levy of the Police Gazette are seen occupying the choicest seats in the auditorium (behind the pillars).

Mr. Schleicher, our former faculty advisor, is seen lecturing Lucy Gamba, Tillie Gandel, and Minna Graff, on "Why the Einstein Theory Is Affecting the Price of Sugar in Norway."

Rebecca Rochlin is telling no one in particular how to figure out the correct time in Germany in two hours.

Just then the inevitable red tie and green shirt is seen on the platform and Nathan Sunshine, master of ceremonies, makes his dramatic debut. By doing the "Breakaway" out of step with the music, he succeeds in getting the attention of the audience. "Ladies and Gentlemen, Harry Pilchman included," he shouts in

THE PIVOT

a low whisper, "I take displeasure in introducing the champion yodeler of today, Richard Handler!"

After the few minutes of silent applauding are over, Mr. Handler yodeled as he never gargled before. He is finally quieted and our entertainment (?) begins.

A three-sided argument is next, Ruth Pincus claiming the world is flat, Esther Wasserman arguing the world is round, and Professor Otto Melito stating the world is crooked. The judges, Esther Portnoy, Rose Wiener, and Etta Horn, decide the argument is a draw, with Professor Melito the winner. At this moment Rose Safrin and Tom Inguaggiato make their appearance in the assembly, and realizing they are late, unconsciously go to the office for late slips. They return just in time to hear Marie Passaic give a two-hour explanation on "Why a River Rises from its Bed." Prolonging the agony, Sol Gleicher confides to his audience "The Art of Butterfly Dancing." After that inspiring talk, free refreshments were sold, the hot dogs being contributed by Nathan Madris, and the dog biscuits by Frank Soehnen.

As soup was not included in the dinner, an orchestra, similar to that of Rudy Vallee's, substituted for it. The famed kazoo players Robert Zambureck and William Popaca play a solo together, introducing Ed. Rosenberg's unfinished sympathy. They are accompanied by the Harmonica Boys, Irving Bresin and Michael Hakucha, known throughout Egypt for their discord. As the musicians mercifully stop, they notice the thumbs down act in the audience, and they promptly play an encore. Roslyn Wenar shows the talent she acquired abroad while traveling through Hoboken by gracefully pedalling the player piano. The orchestra as a whole succeeds in their slogan "We guarantee a headache."

Selma Eiseman, "the sweet singer of sour songs," croons the immortal song "When Mildred Kull and Abe Chesner Get Together," filling every nook and class-room with her "meloudious" voice. By popular request the music breakers next play the disappearing act.

After the refreshments have been devoured, a short one-act play is given. The hero is Vincent Del Tufo, the heroine Mildred Gordon, and the villain Elwood Wollenshlager. When the villain is rescued and the hero killed, a chorus, competitors of Billy Watson's Beef Trust, consisting of Sophie Friedman, Selma

Nussbaum, Julia Samuels and Stella Sibilowitz do a finale quite finally.

The master of ceremonies having gently fallen asleep, the entertainers introduce themselves accordingly. Manuel Grossman, the populated magician of Newark, succeeds in holding the distraction of the spectators by deftly exposing two two-cent cigars, made by M. Weinberg & Daughter, out of Mildred Kaplan's pocketbook. To cover Mildred's embarrassment, our magician artfully lifts the deceptive wig from the head of Morris Fischer, the chief cook and bottle washer of E. Dobrins' Cold Storage Smelting Plant, illuminating a splendid mirror, a gift of nature.

In order to share the glory, Sam Tessler, the hypnotic wizard, mesmerizes Ruth Stillman, the Daily Streagles' theatre critic of the Orpheum Theatre, Newark. Under his spell, she admits her secret ambition is to marry Reuben Horowitz after her first alimony runs out.

To diversify the form of entertainment, Pearl Geller, the western wow-girl, elucidates some of her hair-raising incidents, as catching tamed butterflies, while at her western ranch in Hackensack.

As a novelty number, a head-standing endurance contest is suggested. Anna Raczowsky, Sophie Chuz and Regina Liebman bravely volunteer to be the contestants. After four hours Sophie Chuz was the only one who could hold her equilibrium, simply because she remembered her old school-day lessons, *i. e.*, she used her head!

Least but not last comes Aaron Kiell, who after hypnotizing everyone with a hula-hula dance, begins his carefully prepared extemporaneous speech: "Mr. Herzberg, members of the faculty, and fellow students . . ." A snicker is heard in the audience, suspiciously that of Richard Clayton, which disconcerts the speaker, and is prompted by Merrill Matson, the prominent deaf and dumb instructor. The speech is again interrupted by an argument between Joe Valant and George Tilp, both wanting to take Frieda Bressman home. When the hall is quieted again Helen Miller gives the farewell address, and the cup is passed around the assembly for collections from force of habit.

The organ, at the magic touch of Edna Winarsky, peals out the second discord first and as we quietly exit, the strains of our "Alma Mater" is heard 'mid the din and uproar.

THE PIVOT

LATEST SONGS

- "Big City Blues"—Dance music at the 4B Hop.
- "Moanin' Low"—Seniors waiting for their 4A O. K.
- "Seventh Heaven"—Teacher's absence.
- "Breakaway"—Graduation.
- "Every Day Away From You"—Jay Mills at the 4B Theatre Party.
- "I Miss You"—Central during vacation time.
- "Am I Blue"—Report card day.
- "If I Had My Own Way"—No exams.
- "Honey"—Irving Lampert to all the girls.
- "Mean to Me"—Students to the faculty.
- "Satisfied"—When we get our diplomas.
- "Little Pal"—Dr. Mones, when he O. K.'s 4A speeches.
- "Melancholy"—Student waiting for detention slip.
- "Lovable and Sweet"—Ellwood Wollenschlager and Louis Friedman.
- "You Were Meant for Me"—Selma Eiseman and David Ontell.
- "Sleepy Valley"—A. M. homeroom.
- "Ain't Misbehavin'"—Pearl Geller.
- "The End of the Road"—There isn't any.
- "I Care for You in a Great Big Way"—Max Kutin.
- "Broadway Melody"—Graduation song.
- "Maybe, Who Knows"—If we all graduate.
- "Heigh Ho"—Aaron Kiell.
- "Mistakes"—Pivot Room.
- "Gypsy Dream Rose"—Tillie Gandel.
- "Evangeline"—Florence Levin.
- "My Troubles Are Over"—After graduation.
- "Just Across the Street from Heaven"—Bill's lunchroom.
- "Sonny Boy"—Nat Sunshine.
- "I'll Always be Mother's Boy"—Max Weinberg.
- "From Sunrise Till Sunset"—Pivot Board in the Pivot Room.

INSEPARABLES

- Max Kutin and Louis Friedman and David Ontell.
- Margaretha Warnecke and Henrietta Gauch.
- Selma Eiseman and Regina Guttman.
- Joe Rosen and Sam Tessler.
- Ruth Pincus and Helen Henry.
- Ruth Woisard and Ruth Stillman.
- Otto Melito and Aaron Kiell.
- Florence Levin and Pearl Geller.
- Marie Passaic and Lucy Gamba.

FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS OF THE FACULTY

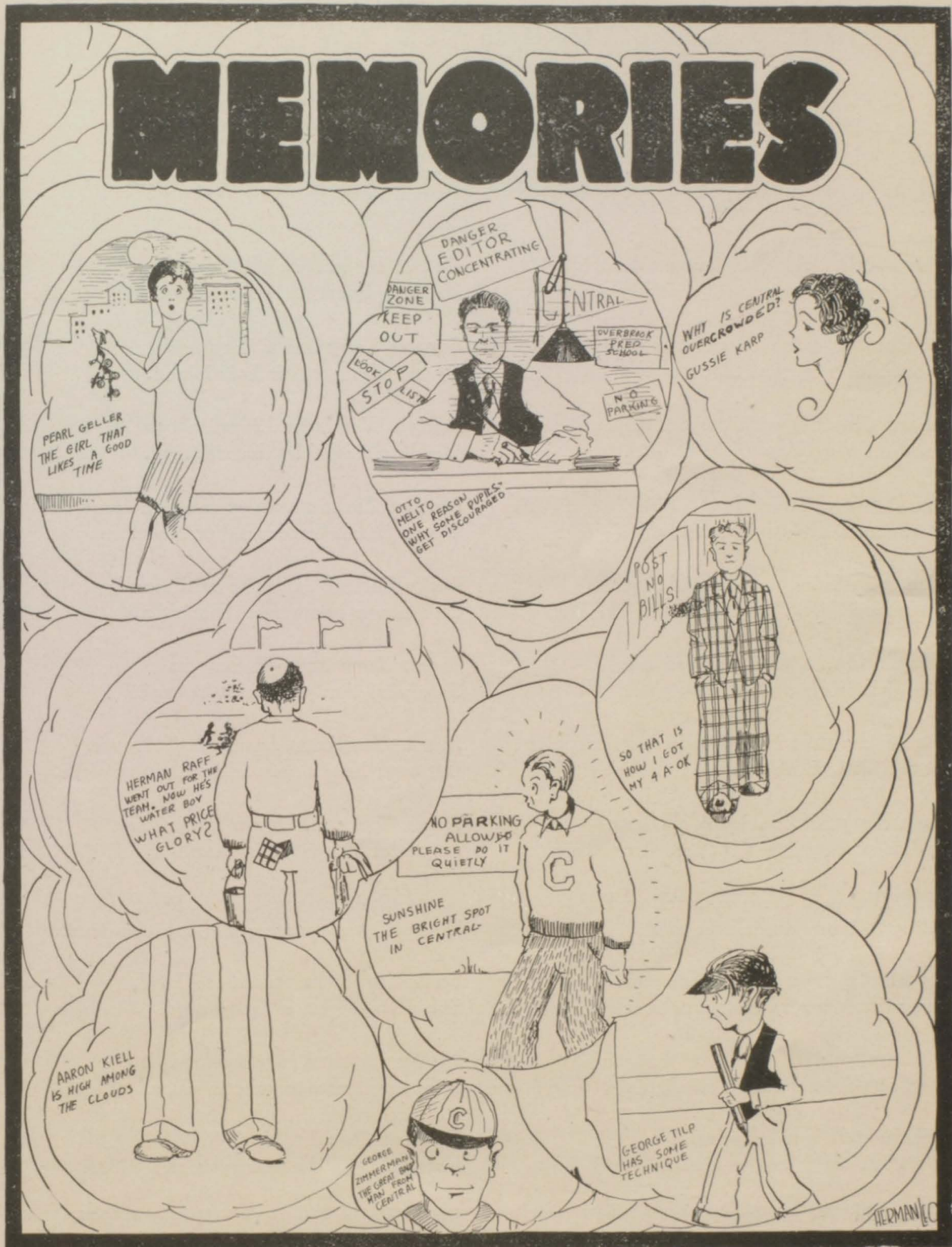
(With due apologies to those teachers whose names have been used)

- Mr. Schleicher: "Don't monkey with the buzz-saw."
- Mr. Griffith: "Give it a shave and a hair-cut."
- Mr. Conovitz: "Tell it to the class. I know the answer."
- Dr. Mones: "Eyes here!"
- Mr. Voegelin: "You fellows must learn to speak English."
- Mr. Rowan: "Please note."
- Miss Harvey: "I'll pass you the papers at the end of the period."
- Miss Mohair: "Take the next chapter for tomorrow."
- Miss Lewis: "Now my ancestors——"
- Miss Lavers: "Note-books due tomorrow."
- Mr. Cannold: "You get a zero for that."
- Mr. Skolnick: "Commence with the commencements."
- Miss Kaufman: "Now I'm just exaggerating."
- Mr. Snodgrass: "Quiet, please!"
- Mr. Coleman: "As ye sow, so shall ye reap."
- Mr. Berke: "Make it snappy;"
- Mr. Heiges: "Right!"
- Dr. Smith: "Got your homework?"
- Miss Beane: "This class is driving me crazy."
- Mr. Strang: "Work, work, work!"
- Mr. Schneider: "Twenty points off!"
- Mr. O'Brien: "That's most phenomenal."
- Mr. Arnao: "That's enough, child."
- Mr. MacMillan: "Don't do it that way."
- Mr. Packard: "Don't forget the money for the Pivot ad."
- Mr. Nappi: "I want you to speak French in the classroom."

FAMOUS SHOWS

- Ziegfeld Follies—Ruth Stillman, Gussie Karp, Marie Passaic.
- The Three Musketeers—Max Kutin, Louis Freedman, David Ontell.
- Seventh Heaven—Graduation Night.
- Good News—The coming out of the "Pivot."
- Broadway—High Street at 1:00.

MEMORIES



Vers D'Occasion - A La Mode (?)

The writer of these verses received first prize in a contest sponsored by the "Futuristic Poet's Association" of Newark. The meter is so perfect (in the imagination of the judges) and the artistic ability (if you are asleep and see any) is so consummated in its lyrical expression (honest, we mean it) that we look upon it as a great honor to have the privilege of presenting to our readers for the first time (and may it be the last) the poetic genius (believe it or not) of our city.—The Editor.

Sarah Bruder, an ambitious student,
Is a fair young lady exceptionally prudent.

Abe Chesner, you're a quiet lad,
We wonder why you look so sad.

Richard Clayton, with eternal grin,
Found an easy way a girl to win.

John Cronshey is so shy,
But in Latin always has a reply (?)

Richard Dufford, who is girl-shy,
Will probably be an aviator on the fly.

Louis Friedman with eyes so bright,
With girls is always in the right.

Because she uses neither powder nor paint
Dot Goldblatt's ne'er known for what she ain't.

Gussie Karp, of course, is all there—
She has such pretty eyes and wavy hair.

Ruth Stillman is there with the work,
Willing to labor and never to shirk.

Otto Melito, how poetize for you?
Your virtues are many, your faults so few.

Why, pretty one, why dost thou sigh?
When our **John Pucik** is so nigh?

David Ontell is a busy lad,
An ad for the Pivot is his latest fad.

Margaretha Warnecke, quiet and tall,
We never hear from her at all.

At our meetings on Wednesday, Period 7,
Declaim **Pearl Geller** and **Florence Levin**.

Seymor Levy has a fiery head,
By that I mean his hair is red.

Roslyn Wenar is a Spanish type.
Her lips resemble cherries ripe.

George Zimmerman of football fame
Wants us all to remember his name.

Lydia Salerno is petite and small,
One never hears from her at all.

James Korn has red fiery hair,
Surely of him you must beware.

Selma Nussbaum has beautiful eyes,
But over her homework she never sighs.

Anna Grabenchick we never hear,
I wonder if it is plain fear?

Anna Graneck, we know its you,
The girl who possesses a heart so true.

Stella Sibilowitz studies so hard,
She always gets a fancy card.

Esther Portnoy, a pleasant lass,
Is never heard to talk in class.

Rebecca Rochlin, dark and fair,
For any boy do you specially care?

Ruth Woisard with her Buster Brown
Makes all the fellows turn aroun'.

THE PIVOT

Joe Rosen, take a tip from me,
A "big-time" accountant he intends to be.

Helen Miller, chic and petite,
On a dance floor can use her feet.

William Popaca seems a shy lad,
But when girls are around, he isn't bad.

Edith Pakulsky, a nice, quiet lass,
Has never, in Central, cut a class.

Merrill Matson, the red-haired lad,
Has taken biology as his fad.

Marie Passaic, she goes to dances,
All over her boy-friend's feet she prances.

People say that art brings fame,
We hope it does to **Griffin's** name.

Now, big boy, don't put on the ritz,
I mean you, **Reuben Horowitz**.

Etta Horn, where have you been,
At 4A meetings you're never in.

By the way, **Laura Kay**,
Were you at Loew's the other day?

Mildred Kull is sweet and fair,
No wonder she's popular—look at her hair.

Thomas Inguaggiato is a very fine chap,
For trifles he doesn't give a rap.

A merry heart, and an eye that glows,
Will always be **Tillie Gandel's** shows.

Florence Levin can talk and work,
But think you that she her lesson will shirk?

Harry Pilchman thinks he's wise,
But he is a good worker for his size.

Rose Wiener, demure and polite,
When shes' dressed up, she's a wonderful sight.

Josephine Nowasielska has a longish name,
However, we wish her luck and fame.

Sol Gleicher does his best
To do as all his teachers request.

Anna Palestina, what am I to do?
No rhyme exists that's fit for you.

Vincent Del Tufo, a very nice chap,
To all the girls he tips his cap.

Maxine Polaner is very quiet,
You'll never find her in a riot.

Helen Bajor, with her rosy cheeks,
Doesn't care for drug-store sheiks.

Of **Cornelia Pate** I can say this:
She certainly is a pretty miss.

Sophie Friedman's pretty clothes
Add to her charm where'er she goes.

Regina Guttman gets ten and nine,
Oh! If only they were mine.

Maxwell Weinberg's a clever lad,
Tho' high are his grades he never is glad.

Hurl not thy spear at the flint or the rock,
For thou, **Richard Handler**, will get a shock.

Max Kutin is a portly lad,
And in the shotput is not so bad.

Elwood Wolenslager is our class baby,
But rings true blue, and I don't mean maybe.

To us our **Harry Lentz** is always near,
But among us, I wonder, is his dear?

Margaret Anderson is a very nice girl,
But long will she wait for her hair to curl.

Of **Frieda Bressman** our eyes partake,
Whom many boys have tried to make.

THE PIVOT

In stenography **Mildred Kennedy** is great,
She'll surely be famous, only wait.

Selma Eisman, it would take some time
To put your many charms in rhyme.

Roll back, oh sea, thy waves in fright,
For **Aaron Kiell** is now in sight.

Ethel Sussman is dark and fair,
And has a smile that's very rare.

Morris Fisher we must not forget,
Brilliant and quiet, he's never upset.

Henrietta Gauch, a virtuous lass,
Never tried to cut a class.

Ephraim Dobrin, where are you,
And furthermore, what do you do?

Ruth Pincus is so very quiet,
When she talks, she starts a riot.

Bessie Talpins with her dancing sublime
Has won many honors in her time.

Ruth Grubin is very gay,
She works for pleasure, not for pay.

Edna Winorsky is some peach,
You should have seen her on the beach.

Of **Irving Bresin** we are very proud,
He's always jolly in a crowd.

A little girl that's always hoardin'
Is none other than our **Mildred Gordon**.

Rose Safrin has a manner so high,
But she is a credit to Central High.

Emanuel Grossman, you're a quiet lad,
You're always happy and never sad.

Michael Hakucha, with a brilliant brain,
Some day will bring his family fame.

Louis Bindi, a pleasant lad,
Is sometimes good and also bad.

Lucy Gamba our attention compels,
Because she in athletics excels.

Nathan Madris with eternal grin
Found easy ways a girl to win.

Anna Rackowsky—what a hard name,—
Is sure to bring us wondrous fame.

A little girl is **Nettie Kast**,
Whose charm and beauty e'er will last.

Joseph Richards and **Joe Valant**
Are two nice boys, both quiet and gallant.

And water still flows, the wind still blows,
And so is the fun that **Max Backlar** still shows.

With mighty strides, he comes! he comes!
Our **Helmuth Bischoff**—away, he comes!

Robert Zambureck, a quiet boy,
To all the girls is perennial joy.

William Horback, a pleasant lad,
Doing Latin is his latest fad.

Edward Rosenberg, a studious chap,
Has manners always, and tips his cap.

George Tilp in Chemistry is a crack,
But his main ambition is to drive a Mack.

Do gentlemen prefer **Ruth Weiss**?
Of course, she's really very nice.

Julia Samuels is very witty,
But for a flunker she has no pity.

Sam Tessler is very short,
But it's pretty girls he'll court.

Nathan Sunshine would be a star
If he had more ambition by far!

THE PIVOT

With step so light, with an air so blight
Did **Helen Henry** gleam on my sight.

The golden sun that rolls on high,
On **Sophie Chuz** did wink an eye.

The sun grew pale, the earth did quake,
When **Irving Lampert** a speech would make.

Show me no more of beauty, show me no more,
Regina Liebman is here, I must adore.

Full of life and joy and bliss
Is **Belle Berg**, the studious miss.

Miriam Kaplan has a sweet face,
A kind word and smile but adds to her grace.

A smile, a fleeting smile she threw,
Our **Florence Warner**,—to me and you!

Cock thou thine ear, strain thou thine eye,
Elizabeth De Vault is here, O my!

Why sweat and groan, **Joe Valant**, why such
pains!

Think you that he that sweats to fame attains?

Nice and small and sweet and pure,
Minna Graff is the one, I'm sure.

Esther Wasserman you can not beat,
For she's not so thin, and does she eat!

CENTRAL'S HOLLYWOOD

Cornelia Pate—Pola Negri.
Dave Ontell—Ben Lyon.
John Pucik—Lloyd Hughes.
Miriam Kaplan—Greta Garbo.
Minna Graff—Marie Prevost.
Sophie Friedman—Vilma Banky.
Pearl Geller—Clara Bow.
Roselyn Wenar—Dolores Del Rio.
Gussie Karp—Sue Carrol.
Ruth Stillman—Louise Fazenda.
Mildred Gordon—Dorothy Seabean.
Betty Hirschorn—Joan Crawford.
Ruth Woisard—Janet Gaynor.
Ruth Pincus—Baclanova.
Margaret Warnecke—Polly Moran.
Irving Lampert—Wm. Powell.
Max Kutin—William Haines.
James Korn—Flaming Youth.
Belle Berg—Billie Dove.

FOLLYWOOD

Dick Dare—David Ontell.
Hazel Dearie—Selma Eisman.
Ralph MacSneer—John Pucik.
Fuller Phun—Max Kutin.
Archibald Club—Aaron Kiell.
Lotta Talent—Florence Levin.
Harold Teen—Irving Lampert.
Lillums—Roslyn Wenar.
Perry Winkle—Louis L. Friedman.
Toots and Caspar—Max Kutin and Fannie Eiser.
Dumb Dora—Minna Graff.
Rod—George Zimmerman.
Hairbreadth Harry—Harry Lentz.
Belinda—Regina Guttman.
Rudolph Rassendale—Nathan Madris.
Tillie the Toiler—Miriam Kaplan.
Whipple—Sol Gleicher.
Cam—Margartha Warnecke.
Moon Mullins—Seymour Levy.

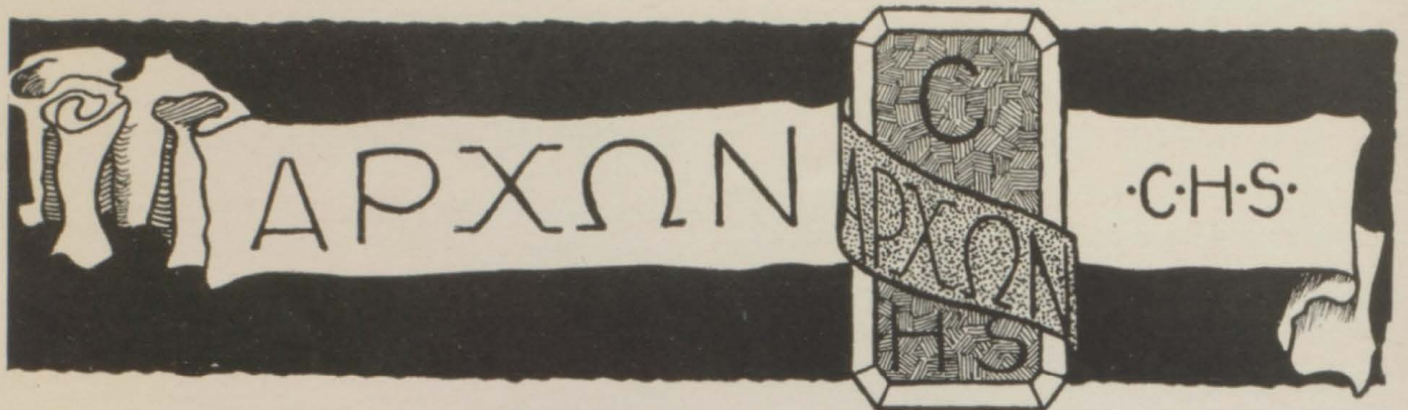
Fresh: "Did you ever hear a rabbit bark?"

Soph: "No; rabbits don't bark."

Fresh: "That's funny. This book says that rabbits eat cabbage and bark."

Tramp: "Could you give a poor fellow a bite, lady?"

Lady: "Well, I'm sorry. I don't bite myself, but I'll call my dog."



ARCHON CLUB

109A—

Woisard, Ruth

202A—

Beatty, Rose

203A—

Rusoff, Isadore

206A—

Nowosielska, Jennie

207A—

Bates, Irma

Elman, Frances

Geizinger, Rose

Green, Anna

Hansen, Marguerite

211A—

Sechtling, George

216A—

Brahn, Irma

Golomb, Sarah

Zupnick, Sylvia

217A—

Kappstatter, Leah

Miller, Florence

301A—

Abramson, Rose

Correale, Tony

Gelband, Edythe

Genet, Lena

Iannarone, Grace

Kanarek, Paul

Karkowsky, Yetta

Lutsky, Eshter

Neiss, Anna

Rabito, Josephine

Schulman, Marian

Shefrin, Beatrice

Wilkes, Matilda

Zimmerman, Blanche

303A—

Zabrin, Harry

304A—

Miller, Sylvia

308A—

Pollack, Tillie

Yannazzo, Filomena

313A—

Jacobs, Seymour

320A—

Ontell, David

401A—

Horowitz, Celia

Korson, Sophie

408A—

Fastow, Lillian

Smith, Arthur

Waxman, Pearl

410A—

Ackerman, Helen

Deutch, Florence

411A—

Liebowitz, Bertha

Spitalny, William

412A—

Eisenberger, Esther

413A—

Wissotsky, Aaron

HONOR ROLL

109A—		219A—		309A—	
Woisard, Ruth	2	Brooks, Lena	2	Handler, William	1
202A—		Chuz, Sophie	2	Wissotsky, Aaron	2
Beatty, Rose	2	Feldman, Beatrice	2	317P—	
207A—		Friedman, Sophie	1	Gorfman, Nathan	2
Green, Anna	7	Hax, Edna	1	402A—	
Grutz, Celia	2	Horowitz, Rose	6	Shiller, Yetta	
Schainman, Florence	3	Katcher, Esther	4	404A—	
211A—		Katopes, Catherine	5	Spitalny, Gertrude	5
Policastro, Katherine	2	Leibowitz, Frances	3	408A—	
Sechtling, George	3	Lieberman, Dora	1	Fastow, Lillian	1
212A—		Lloyd, Grace	1	Smith, Arthur	6
Hershorn, Betty	1	Lucks, Estelle	2	409A—	
214A—		Shapiro, Martha	2	Melito, Otto	5
Bromberg, Elsie	2	Stillman, Ruth	1	410A—	
Cohen, Ida	1	Swarsky, Alice		Deutch, Florence	1
Spitalny, William	1	301A—		Hirth, Tessie	2
Thatcher, Muriel	1	Hodes, Pearl	1	411A—	
215A—		Karkowsky, Yetta	6	Dean, Elwood	1
Guttman, Regina	1	Neiss, Anna	8	Leibowitz, Bertha	2
216A—		Zimmerman, Blanche	6	411A—	
Jakulitis, Elizabeth	4	304A—		Oskenhorn, Julius	2
218A—		Freund, Laura	11	Schwartz, Eileen	7
Weinstein, Edna	1	Highton, Dorothy	8	412A—	
Zupnick, Sylvia	6	Lieberman, Irving	1	Fischer, Morris	4
		Pollack, Rose	2	Ring, Verna	1
		Weinstein, Anna	3	413A—	
		308A—		Katz, Harry	2
		Charen, George	2	Rogers, Muriel	1
		Pollack, Tillie	2		
		Trackunoff, Vera	3		



THE MORNING FORUM

This department is devoted to the interests of public speaking in Central, being not only a record of all speeches given in the auditorium, but an encouragement and friendly criticism for the benefit of our budding orators.



SEPTEMBER 17

John Pucik—"Guarantees of the Constitution": Although I'm not so sure about it, they say I did it well.

David Ontell, Max Kutin, Fannie Eiser, Nathan Madris, Louis Freedman—"A One-Minute Play": Except that Ontell was too old to act the part of a freshman, the play was all right.

SEPTEMBER 24

Harry Lentz—"Most Exciting Election in Our History": I would advise considerable practice in platform speaking.

Irving Lampert—"Central Handbook": Irv, you started like a lion and ended as meek as a lamb.

SEPTEMBER 26, 1929

Vincent Del Tufo—"Writing Popular Music": Your piano music gave us a good morning start.

OCTOBER 1, 1929

Margaretha Warnecke—"Two Important Holy Days in the Episcopal Faith." A very good talk, instructive and well prepared. You are to be commended for your loud and distinct voice.

OCTOBER 3, 1929

Otto Melito—"Hypnotism": You certainly held the attention of your audience. Your talk was by far the best in recent terms.

OCTOBER 8, 1929

Edith Pakulsky—"Mohammed": Except for a bit of uneasiness, you knew your topic exceptionally well.

OCTOBER 10, 1929

Edna Winarsky: "How Columbus Must Have Felt"—You had a patriotic air about you, which overcame the dryness of your topic.

OCTOBER 11, 1929

Sarah Bruder: "How Our Fire Department Is Organized"—Besides a little hesitation, moments of forgetfulness and excitement, you gave us a stirring account.

OCTOBER 18, 1929

Ephraim Dobrin: "The Future"—Always keep in mind Beecher's theory, that those most nervous before speaking, talk with most eloquence.

OCTOBER 22, 1929

Regina Guttman: "An Important School Message"—We'll all be satisfied if our grandchildren hear a note of that much-talked-of organ.

OCTOBER 24, 1929

Morris Fischer: "Pantheism"—You are to be commended for your lengthy, well-prepared, philosophical talk.

OCTOBER 29, 1929

Bell Berg: "What Is Symphony?"—Not a particularly interesting topic, delivered in an unusually soft tone of voice.

Esther Wasserman: "Barnum, the Show Man"—It seems as if you have an inferiority complex.

SENIOR GALLERY



COWBOY KUTIN
ROPING
HER IN



FRIEDA
BRESSMAN



JOHN
PUCIK

— NO EXPLANATION NECESSARY



DON'T
LAUGH
GIRLS



BELIEVE IT
OR NOT
SEYMOUR LEVY
IS THE
CLASS PEST

DON'T WRITE
FOR PROOF



ZIMMERMAN



HIS BUST
IS IN
THE CELLAR
of the
TALL OF FAME



O BOY

AS
USUAL
STUDYING

AARON
KIELL



NATHAN
MADRIS



GLEICHER
AS A
FRESHMAN
SENIOR

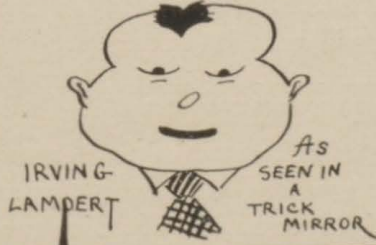


GIVE HIM
AN AD
HE'S
FURIOUS

DAVE
ONTTELL



HENCE LITTLE
TESSLER TROTS
TO SCHOOL



IRVING-
LAMBERT



NOW HE WON'T
NEED ANY
WALLPAPER

MELITO



LOTHES
LOTHES
AND MORE
LOTHES

FRIEDMAN

Bombero



DEPARTING ATHLETES

By this term's graduation, Central loses many stellar athletes. Among the most prominent is Ellsworth Hough, who was a star in both baseball and football. His fine playing is sure to be missed on future teams. Max "Kutie" Kutin threw the discus and also was on the basketball squad. Sol Gleicher won points for Central in the high jump. "Red" Levy was a hard worker on both the baseball and football squads. George "Heinie" Zimmerman cavorted at third base for the baseball team.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

By Lucy Gamba

During this summer term the girls of Central did not participate in any important activity, but at the present time a dancing class has been organized through the leadership of Miss Kaufman. This dancing class is to meet every Tuesday and Thursday the 8th periods in the lower gym. All girls who are interested in that sort of work are invited to attend.

Another important event in which the girls of Central take part is the Pentathlon, which is an annual event for all city high school girls. The best sixteen students in the five following events: shooting baskets, targets, rope climbing, running, hop-step-jump, and the elephant race, are chosen by the gym instructors at each school.

Miss Maynard expects to coach the girls in basketball. Each and every one of the girls will respond, as they did before, nobly under the guidance of their skilled instructor, and many a thrilling game will be lost and won.

CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

The cross-country team has been working out at Boys' Park for the past few weeks. Twenty-one candidates comprise the squad, and Coach Bauers expects them to put in a strong bid for the city and state championships. Among last year's veterans are Captain Bill Samson, Fred Romosa, Dave Mann, Joe Battiato, Holmes, and Antinozzi. However, Coach Bauer expects some of the newcomers to come up in front and take the places of the veterans.

Manager Seymour Gruber has not completed the schedule but expects the team to start against West Side in a dual meet on October 10.

BASKETBALL

Central shapes up well for the coming basketball season. It should with the proper spirit win a majority of its games if not all of them.

Among last year's players who will be back are Irving Segal, Harry Kesselman, Jule Medynski and Sammy Einhorn, forwards; and Lou Babiak, center. Last year's guards, Vic DeFellipo and Milton Taback are gone and Doc Sargent will have to find men to fill their shoes. However, with an oversupply of forwards and new material, Doc will be able to find at least two guards. Practice will start early in December, and the season will open in January.

THE GYM TEAM

The gym team began its practice for the coming season in the lower gym on Wednesday, September 17. A squad of eight turned out, of which two are veterans. The veterans, Sam Einhorn and Poznanski,

THE PIVOT

have already proved themselves capable, and are expected to earn the majority of Central's points in the State meet. The first meet is for the city title and Central's chances are dimmed by the loss of Poznanski through ineligibility. However, in the State meet

Poznanski will be eligible and Central's chances to garner the State championship are high. There are still some places open for candidates and anyone adept at gym work should report in the lower gym at one of the practice sessions.

FOOTBALL NOTES

Central opened its football season on Saturday, September 30, with a 26—0 win over the alumni. The game in itself was a bit dull but it served to show that Central will be in the fight for the city championship. Central presented a fast, fighting eleven who were entirely too much for the alumni. The Central backfield worked to perfection showing speed and adeptness. The line, although green, held its own against men who were much heavier. The outstanding stars were Sodano, Naporano and Segal in the backfield, and Schefter, Babiak and Ellman on the line.

In its second game Central lost a thrilling 7—0 battle to Irvington. Central seemed to have a hard luck day, for in the second quarter, Central appeared to be on the way for a touchdown when the whistle blew. Then, in the last quarter, a costly fumble by a Central player gave Irvington its chance for a touchdown and they made use of it. Then, in the closing minutes, Central started a march down the field only to be again stopped by the whistle. Wiener was the outstanding star for Irvington, while Segal and Schefter stood out for Central.

Central, in its next start, was defeated by Ridgefield Park after a stirring battle. At half-time the teams were deadlocked, each having scored a touchdown and the added point. During the third quarter, Central started an offensive which almost gave them a touchdown. Ridgefield Park recovered the ball at the start of the last quarter. Weber, the star of the opposing team, then threw a successful 40-yard pass from behind his own goal line. He duplicated this on the next play. Then with the goal line only a few yards away it was an easy matter for Ridgefield to score. Neither team scored again, but Ridgefield had

won. The outstanding stars for Central were Kroll, who scored our lone touchdown, Schefter, Hough, and Segal.

Central made its worst showing of the season against Camden High on October 18th. Central was fortunate in that the score was only 14—0. However, in streaks, which were far between, they showed ability which they will need to attain the city championship. The line seemed weak and the backfield did not live up to its reputation against Camden. Ganous starred for Central, featuring with a 30-yard run. We know that the team will wake up and play Central football in the league games.

Central lost to Nutley on Saturday, October 26, by the score of 26—0. This was its fourth straight loss of the season. The game itself was a thriller; Central's lighter line out-playing Nutley's heavier one. Jordan and Schifter played great games at tackle and center, smearing many Nutley plays. The score should have been lower for Central played almost if not quite as well as Nutley.

Central won its opening city league game from West Side on November 2. Tony Sodano took a long pass from Irving Segal late in the second quarter, and ran 30 yards to score what proved to be the winning points. In the third quarter West Side started a march down the field and at the end the ball was on the 10-yard line. Starting the fourth quarter Central tightened up her defense and held the West Side team for downs. Then Segal kicked out of danger and for the rest of the game West Side never threatened. Sodano, Babiak and Segal starred for Central. This makes victory Number 2 for the Central team.



CLASS WILL

By Dave Ontell

We, the graduating class of November 1929, being of sound mind (thanks to the faculty) and in good physical condition (thanks to the gym instructors) do hereby draw up and publish this, our last Will and Testament. We decree that our thoughts and hopes and property be apportioned in the following manner, to wit:

ARTICLE I.

Section 1. To the Freshmen, we leave the use of the elevator, until they are old enough to buy their own shoes.

Section 2. To all those who desire learning (in the highest sense of the word) do we leave the lunch-room.

Section 3. To the new 4A Class do we leave the best PIVOT ever published, in hope that they do not, unexperienced as they are, "snitch" a few passages from it.

Section 4. To the Cutters we leave absence cards with teachers' names affixed to them (?) so that they can have more time to do their homework at home???

Section 5. To the faculty we leave the building and its rooms, so that they can make better men and women out of the little sophomores.

Section 6. To Miss Gordon we leave 100,000 late slips with hopes that she does not use them up before the end of the year.

Section 7. To the Organ Fund, in hopes that their goal is reached, we leave all discarded newspapers to be turned into cash.

ARTICLE II.

Section 1. To our Alma Mater we leave our highest regard and hopes that the great name of Central High School will be upheld in the future by those we leave behind.

Section 2. To our beloved principal, Mr. Wiener, we leave our utmost appreciation for what he has done for us.

Section 3. To our faculty adviser, Mr. Schleicher, we leave memories of one of the most studious classes ever to graduate.

Section 4. To the on-coming seniors we leave whatever remains of our property, if anything, to use as they see fit.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereunto affix our name and seal, this sixteenth day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-nine.

(Signed) DAVID ONTELL,
Attorney-at-Law.

Witnesses:

MAXWELL WEINBERG
AARON KIELL
GUSSIE KARP
JERRY DEL TUFO

MANHOOD PLEDGES

(Continued)

was before the chief who demanded the story of his great slaughter.

Haltingly Malli told about the forgetting of his spear, his return and his killing of Zaluha. The chief arose.

"O my people, members of Wangu! For twelve years we have been victims of this terrible animal which has fallen by the hands of one of our sons. A man of Wangu should never be tardy except for important reasons. This was most important. His brave act has overshadowed his forgetfulness. O my people, shall Malli give his pledge of Manhood?"

"Yes! Yes!" the cries of the joyful Wanguans.

Gleefully, proudly, Malli ascended the pledging pedestal. His figure tall, straight, proud, voice clear, this son of Ham spoke.

"As a man of Wangu, I do pledge to protect, defend, uphold the principles of my people at all times. To do all befitting a man of Wangu, to glorify the blood of Wangu heroes so that it may be said through the ages, 'he was a true man of Wangu, and we are proud of him'."

* * * *

The annual celebration to the great omnipotent spirit O Yan Ah was closing.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Ki yi, Ki ya, Ki yi!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

SHE'D BE HIS IDEAL IF SHE HAD——

Rebecca Rochlin's teeth.

Ruth Stillman's literary ability.

Pearl Geller's dancing ability.

Florence Levin's personality.

Ruth Woisard's secretarial ability.

DEFINITIONS

Martyrs—Going to exams.

Height of Impudence—Trying to get by the teacher into the lunch room after the first bell.

A Pessimist—A fellow who groans when he thinks of the work we would miss if we did not have exams.

A Hypocrite—A fellow who comes to exams wearing a smile.

ALUMNI NOTES

Julius P. Litwack, May '28, is now the advertising manager of "The Troubadour," the publication of pre-legal school of New Jersey Law School. Incidentally he is one of the few who made the honor roll during the past year.

Joseph Matturi, '29, is a sophomore pre-medical student at N. Y. U.

Irving Wexler, '29, is now a freshman at Harvard.

Mario Maffio, '29, is attending New Jersey Law School.

Carl Montana, '29, is also attending that school.

Milton Goodman, '29, is another student there.

Robert Ontell, '29, is also taking up his studies there.

Beatrice Eiseman, '27, has an important position in the office of the Progressive Paper Box Co.

Corrine Adler, '29, is now attending the Y. M. H. A. Business classes.

Anne Weinstein, '29, is also attending the Y. M. H. A.

Leonard Kay, '27, is a student at New Jersey Law School.

Sol Fenichel, '29, is now attending Rutgers College of Education, on a four-year scholarship.

HE'D BE HER IDEAL IF HE HAD——

Seymore Levy's hair.

Max Kutin's figure.

Otto Melito's smile.

Irving Lampert's ways (with the girls).

George Landa's height.

David Ontell's personality.

George Zimmerman's athletic ability.

BECAUSE THEY'RE SENIORS

They never frown but always smile,

They never growl, it's not worth while,

They're always jolly, happy and gay,

Forever on the go, and on their way.

That's because they're Seniors.

School spirit reigns when they are nigh,

In upholding and praising Central High,

They give their aid and full support

In all class functions and on the court.

That's because they're Seniors.

SENIOR NOTES

If the teachers can't remember dates or figures, all they have to do is to consult Otto Melito.

David Ontell has the unique honor of being both business manager and treasurer of the 4A Class.

Irving Lampert seems to have finally relinquished his hold on Boys' Service Club offices.

Halsey Cronshey was the manager of the 1928 baseball team.

Ellsworth Hough is fighting hard to earn a varsity berth on the football team.

Frieda Bressman worries a great deal over her subjects?

John Pucik knows his news. (You may see him at the Four Corners any day.)

Louis Friedman is conspicuous because of his enormous size.

Morris Fisher is close behind Otto Melito in geometry honors.

Betty Hirshorn always tries hard, no matter what the undertaking is.

WHAT THE SENIORS ARE READING

A Dish for the Gods—Fritzi Bressman.

The Rampart Age—Sept.-Nov., 1929 (Senior term).

Sixty Seconds—Waiting for your 4A O. K.

Money to Burn—Money secured for "Pivot" ads.

The Well of Loneliness—Girls' lockers after 6th period.

The Children—Selma Eisman and Regina Guttman.

Sunny Boy—Nathan Sunshine.

Heart's Desire—Roslyn Wenar.

One Hour and Forever—Graduation night.

Hearts Afire—Irving Lampert and Esther Floon.

Marching On—Walking down New Street.

The Blue Room—Room 314 (detention room).

The Sheik—David Ontell.

Buried Treasure—Diploma.

The Women's Home Companion—Max Weinberg.

Vogue—Sophie Friedman.

Strength—George Zimmerman.

Les Miserables—The Seniors before exams.

Certain People of Importance—Minna Graff, Miriam Kaplan, Pearl Geller.

Brass—Our graduation pins and rings.

The Road to Understanding—New Street or High Street.

Captain of the Crew—Otto Melito.

Year of Delight—Our Senior Year.

Everlasting Whisper—Assembly.

From Jest to Earnest—4A Meetings.

The Bells of San Juan—The Period Bells.

The Magnificent Adventure—High School.

FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS OF THE SENIORS

"Gee, he is stunning!"—Pearl Geller.

"What is that?"—Gussie Karp.

"Everybody happy?"—John Pucik.

"Got any ads?"—Ruth Stillman.

"Heigh-Ho, everybody."—Aaron Kiell.

"Let's go to Sam's."—Florence Levin.

"I feel terrible."—Eddie Rosenberg.

"Going to the meeting?"—Regina Liebman.

"Better luck next time."—Nathan Madras.

"Do your homework?"—Margaretha Warnecke.

"Attention, please!"—Otto Melito.

"No kiddin'!"—Minna Graff.

"Oh, for cat's sake!"—Helen Henry.

"I didn't eat yet."—Ruth Pinkus.

"Don't be like that."—Roslyn Wenar.

"Uh-huh."—Betty Hirschorn.

Eisman, Selma—"Ask me."

Guttman, Regina—"Let's do something."

Londa, George—"Look here."

Grabinchick, Anna—"Let me see your bookkeeping."

Kast, Nettie—"O, yeh?"

Weinberg, Max—"Come on!"

Chuz, Sophie—"How do you do that?"

Passaic, Marie—"Il Circolo meeting to-day?"

Fisher, Morris—"I've got to study."

Tessler, Sam—"She flunked me."

Friedman, Louis—"Where's Mac?"

Ontell, David—"Oh, I'll never flunk."

Granick, Anna—"Gee whiz!"

Kutin, Max—"I like them small."

Liebman, Regina—"Oh! please don't."

Talpins, Bessie—"It's stunning."

SCHOOL NEWS



ADDRESS BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE G. O.

We have just recovered from the hubbub and excitement of the G. O. election. The school has chosen Seymour Jacobs, president; Aaron Wissotsky, vice-president; and Fritzi Reich, secretary. The president of the G. O. has graciously consented to write something for us and here he gives us the program which he intends to carry through.

"By speaking in the auditorium it would be quite impossible to tell all the students of the school what we hope to do in order to make our G. O. one that will be able to carry out its work more effectively; and so we take this opportunity to address the whole school through our senior publication.

"With the extraordinary enthusiasm that has resulted from the recent election I am sure that the time will not be far distant when we shall have real Student Government.

"It is a point of ours to establish an unbreakable link of co-operation between the teachers and the students. This can only be done by making a General Organization of which every Centralite will be proud.

"Some of the things that we have in mind to do are:

"1. To establish Student Government.

"2. To organize a school clean-up campaign.

"3. To make the lockers a safe place to leave your belongings.

"4. To standardize the use of hallways and stairways between periods.

"5. To create true school spirit by giving everybody something to do.

"And now at this time I am going to ask the co-operation of every student in helping to make this Student Organization thoroughly effective."

THE ARCHON CLUB

The Archon Club is one of the most honorable organizations in the school. Under the supervision of our advisor, Mr. Conkling, the club is progressing very rapidly. The officers are:

President	Aaron Wissotsky
Vice-President	William Spitalny
Secretary	Paul Kanarek
Treasurer	Leah Kapstatter
G. O. Delegate	Esther Lutsky

The purpose of the Archon Club is to stimulate interest in scholarship and to cherish and promote the standards of Central. Only those students who have

been in Central for at least three terms and have never failed in any major subject are eligible for membership.

The Archon Club is awarding honor roll pins to all students who have at least eight in every major subject and seven in every minor subject for any term since they have been in Central.

Another reward that the club offers is the "Archon Certificates." These certificates are presented on graduation night to all Senior A's who are members of the Archon Club.

The club is planning to run a social this term. Keep up your fine work, Archonites!

BOYS' SERVICE CLUB

The Boys' Service Club of Central High School is one of the most useful clubs in the city or even in the state. It is very much like the Boy Scouts in that their aim and enjoyment is to do service. The scholarship fund, the most unique fund of its kind, is and has been for a long time their most important work. This fund is built from the proceeds of various undertakings. Every few terms a theatre party is given by the boys so as to raise money. A constant income is from the sale of Ingersol pens, the Golden Book Magazine, and theme covers. Another source of income is cash contributions from friends and other clubs of the school, especially the Girls' Service Club. At present the scholarship fund is helping six people through various colleges, some being at Harvard, New York University and New Jersey Law School. The club also renders aid to Centralites while attending the school. In order to arouse school spirit and good fellowship, a Freshman Rally is given practically every term. In general, service is their aim. Mr. Conovitz is advisor of the club, and the executives for this term are:

President Max Kutin
Vice-President Leon Bokstansky
Secretary and Treasurer Louis Friedman

AERONAUTICAL CLUB

The Aeronautical Club under the able advisorship of Mr. Warrick meets on Tuesday at 8:00 A. M. in Room 104. The purpose of the club is to discuss aeronautics and to promote interest in that subject. Each term the club members visit different aeroplane plants. The executives of the club are:

President Jack Streeter
Secretary Meinhart Borek
Treasurer I. W. Ellerbroat

STATE ORCHESTRA

The State Orchestra, composed of the best talents of the state, will have its annual concert November 8 to 10. The orchestra is under the leadership of Mr. Smith of Central High and has quite a few Central High luminaries. The concerts will be for three days for the public, and the last day for teachers only. It will take place at Atlantic City. Those students who are members of the orchestra are excused from school for a week.

GIRLS' SERVICE CLUB

How well that name suits that organization. All the business at each meeting has to do, in one way or another, with service for our school. Appointing girls for hall duty. Isn't that service? Selling bond paper. That, by the way, is doing even a two-fold service. First, by making the purchase of the paper convenient for the students, and second, increasing the amount of money in the Scholarship Fund. Various theatre parties, freshmen rallies, and the sale of the Golden Book all do a bit of service. So you see that this club which meets Wednesday the eighth period in Room 305 is truthfully a "Service Club."

Mrs. Pressler is faculty advisor.

The officers are:

President Ruth Woisard
Vice-President Ruth Stillman
Secretary Regina Guttman
Treasurer Erna Kreautz
G. O. Delegate Frieda Bressman

IL CIRCOLO ITALIANO

"Il Circolo Italiano" which meets Monday the 7th period in Room 215 has a new faculty advisor. Miss Lewis will replace Miss Steinholtz. The club plans to give a farewell party for the outgoing faculty advisor, Miss Lena Steinholtz.

At the Monday meeting officers were elected. They are:

President Anthony Puopolo
Vice-President Alexander Matturri
Secretary Marie Passaic
Treasurer Lucy Gamba

This club's purpose is to promote and teach Italian literature and art to the Italian students. Those of Italian parentage or those having taken Italian are eligible for membership.

4C CLASS

The 4C Class, under the guidance of Mr. Calman, organized Thursday, October 3, 1929, the 8th period, in Room 217. The following were elected as officers:

President David Mann
Vice-President Paul Kanarek
Secretary Anna Neiss
Treasurer Harry Katz

4B CLASS

Mr. Rowan has once more been very wisely asked to be faculty advisor for the class of February, 1929. Under his supervision they ran a boat ride to Indian Point. The outing was in general a very successful one. For this term a very original program is being arranged. Mr. O'Brien, one of our faculty, who had returned in September from a year's leave of absence, has been asked by the class to give an illustrated lecture on his world cruise. Mr. O'Brien is to hold his lecture in the assembly some time in October.

The following are the officers of the class:

President	Dave Steinberg
Vice-President	Milton Tropp
Secretary	Louise Caruso
Treasurer	Anna Green

PHILOSOPHY CLUB

The Philosophy Club held an organization meeting Monday, October 21, 1929, under the supervision of Dr. Leon Mones, Faculty Advisor. The following officers were elected:

President	Otto Melito
Secretary-Treasurer	John Pucik
Chairman of Membership Committee	Aaron Kiell

The aim and purpose of this club is to introduce and discuss, before the members, questions pertaining to philosophical beliefs and views.

The topic for discussion for the next meeting was selected by Dr. Mones as "The Einstein Theory of Relativity." This is probably the only high school organization in America which has undertaken an extensive discussion of this complex theory.

NATURALIST CLUB

Tuesday a meeting of the Naturalist Club was held. The purpose of this club is to interest students in the beauty of nature. Mr. Goldsmith is the faculty advisor and the club meets every Tuesday the 7th period in Room 305. At the meeting the following officers were elected:

President	Merrill Matson
Vice-President	William Samson
Secretary	David Goldberg
Treasurer	Ephraim Dobrin

The plans for the term include a theatre party.

LIBRARY CLUB

At the first meeting of this term the Library Club elected the following officers:

President	Ruth Gold
Vice-President	Lillian Sodawick
Secretary	Anna Susser
Treasurer	Florence Haber

Miss Ruth Ward, the school's librarian, is the faculty advisor. The purpose of the club is to promote culture and knowledge of library work among its members. This club meets every Monday morning at 7:45 in the Library.

TECHNICAL CLUB

The Technical Club meets every Thursday at 8:00 A. M. in Room 104. The purpose of this club is to increase the technical knowledge of the members. Mr. Murray is the advisor of this interesting club. The following are the officers of the term:

President	Halsey Cronshey
Vice-President	Robert Zamburek
Secretary	George Boharcik
Treasurer	Meinhart Borck

SWIMMING CLUB

For the purpose of encouraging swimming among Central High girls, a Swimming Club has been organized under the supervision of Miss Helen Gordon. The following are the officers:

President	Florence Miller
Vice-President	Hannah Mayer
Secretary	Lillian Schecter
Treasurer	Vera Traskunoff

SCIENTIFIC CLUB

Every Monday morning at 7:00 the Scientific Club meets in the lecture room of the Chemistry Department, under the guidance of Mr. Sinclair. Scientific topics are discussed at every meeting, but, the time being limited, they have to seek more scientific knowledge outside of school. Last term they visited many plants—The Manhattan Rubber Co., The Standard Oil Refining Co., and the Grasselli Chemical Co.

The officers of this group are:

President	Robert Zamburek
Vice-President	Halsey Cronshey
Secretary	Meinhardt Borck
Treasurer	Bernstein

THE STUDIO CLUB

The Studio Club, the only club of its kind in the city of Newark, is one of the most active in Central High. A contest of the best piece of work carved in soap was sponsored by the club last term, the prizes being donated by the club's faculty advisor, Mrs. Welles. The following students were the winners: 1st prize, Rose Beatty; 2nd prize, Howard Jackst; 3rd prize, Henrietta Helfenbein. Howard Weinberg received honorable mention.

Selma Lubetkin wrote a club song. The purpose of this club is to further the interest of students in art. The following are the officers:

President	Merrill Matson
Vice-President	Rose Beatty
Secretary	Howard Jackst
Treasurer	George Klein

SEWING CLUB

The Sewing Club, under the able guidance of Miss Lovell, its faculty advisor, consists of girls who have passed one year of sewing and who are interested in this domestic art. Each term the club has some form of entertainment, this term's being a social. Meetings are held Thursday, the 7th period, in Room 204. The following are the club's officers for this term:

President	Dorothy Pickel
Vice-President	Ina Kreutz
Secretary	Dorothy Meyer
Treasurer	Tillie Kotler

HI-Y CLUB

The officers for this term are:

President	Halsey Cronshey
Vice-President	R. Bates
Secretary	Albert Bright

Meetings are held at the Y. M. C. A. Mr. Walt Konradt is the faculty advisor.

PHOTOPLAY CLUB

The Photoplay Club, of which Mr. Moore is faculty advisor, meets every Monday morning in the lunch room. The main activity of their summer term was a Social. For this term their intentions are greater. They are planning to film a picture.

The officers for this term are:

President	Maxwell Weinberg
Vice-President	Norma Charick
Secretary	Rose Geizinger
Treasurer	Irma Bates

STUDENTS' AID SOCIETY

The Students' Aid Society, piloted by Mr. Rentz, plans a social and play for this term's activities. The club has not been active for the last few weeks. The purpose of the club is to promote the welfare of the students and of the school. The organization meets every Tuesday at 8:00 A. M. in Room 215. The following are the officers:

President	Etta Beckerman
Vice-President	Gussie Shulman
Secretary	Ruth Pincus
Treasurer	Rose Sorato

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The Commercial Club, a club for those students who are taking the commercial course, was organized three terms ago by Anna Green. The club renders help to those members who are weak in the commercial subjects. At each meeting which is held every Friday, at 7:45 A. M., in Room 303, current commercial subjects are discussed.

President	Alex Maturri
Vice-President	Doris Solamon
Secretary	Anna Niece
Treasurer	Paul Kenarek

BELLES LETTRES CLUB

The Belles Lettres Club, which meets every Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock in Room 219, lives up to its name in that the club's purpose is to promote interest in good reading and literature. This club was organized in May, 1927, under the able advisorship of Mr. Barnard, and has been active ever since. Those wishing to join must have completed two years of English without having ever failed. The officers are:

President	Rebecca Rochlin
Vice-President	Edna Winarsky
Secretary	Esther Floon
Treasurer	Helen Miller
Librarian	Frances Elman

GREEK CLUB

The Greek Club, organized by Miss Edith Godsey in June, is one of the most active clubs in Central. The club's aims are to teach the Greek language to its members and to study Greek literature and art.

The officers are:

President	Dave Steinberg
Vice-President	John J. Adamski
Secretary	Lydia Bayars
Treasurer	Constance Saunders

THE GERMAN CLUB

The German Club, although not very well known yet, is perhaps the most active foreign language club in the school. The most important activity of the term is the publishing of a German paper. The club hopes to put out two editions each term. Every member of the German Club will be considered a sub-editor. The publishing of a foreign language paper in a high school is a very novel idea. We hope for them that it will materialize. The officers of this term are:

President	Regina Guttman
Vice-President	Stella Argand
Secretary	Elizabeth Iseman
Treasurer	Mildred Kull
G. O. Delegate	Minnie Graff
Faculty advisor, Miss Oehlich.	

MUSIC CLUB

The Music Club, one of the oldest organizations of Central, meets every Tuesday the 7th period in Room 413. The club is a member of the New Jersey Music Federation and therefore its members are eligible for any contest that the Federation holds. Under the able guidance of Dr. Smith, the club's faculty advisor, the club has been heard over the air. The club was reorganized this term by Belle N. Berg, one of the club's old members and a former secretary. Some of the club's members who have graduated are making themselves famous by their musical ability.

The officers are:

President	Belle N. Berg
Vice-President	Tillie Kotler
Secretary	Florence M. Handler
Treasurer	Leah Bachman

FACULTY NOTES

"We that are below must look above" and thus with half-awe, mixed with respect and wonder we sometimes look upon our teachers. What were their likes when they were as young as we are? How did they arrive at the position they now occupy? These are some of the questions we ask ourselves, and prompted by a desire to satisfy our curiosity, we are now going to interview some members of the faculty.

Our first victim is Mr. Voegelin. We boldly enter his room and say in our meekest tone:

"Are you busy?" Mr. Voegelin.

"No," he answers with a very encouraging smile. "What is it?"

"Will you please tell us something about your life?"

"Well—ahem—there isn't very much . . . only that I was born in a small country town—thus a 'hick.' I won a scholarship to Cornell. This was very helpful, for my way through college had to be financed by myself. For two summers I studied in Columbia and my first position as a teacher was in a Trenton school. After coming to Newark, I taught for a time in Barringer and from there on in Central. That is about all."

"Thank you," I said to Mr. Voegelin and departed.

Emboldened by this success we take Dr. Smith and Miss Beane by storm. Most affably Dr. Smith volunteers first to satisfy our quest.

Dr. Smith brings his musical talents from London, his birth-place. His love for music sprouted at an early age, when he began to satisfy his natural call by playing the violin and by serving as a choir boy. At Cheltenham where he was educated, Dr. Smith pursued his studies, as an organist. His passion for the organ was so strong that often he would walk twenty miles in order to attend an organ recital. Having completed his studies Dr. Smith came to America and graduated from Yale and New York University. Later he became a member of the Phi Delta Kappa. From all this you must not conclude that Doc's only passion is music—far from it. Confidentially he tells us that most of his free time is devoted entirely to his wife and his three handsome sons.

After a very interesting half-hour with Dr. Smith, Miss Beane consents to give us some information concerning her life. Miss Beane is a native of Pennsylvania. From early years Miss Beane had a fascination for music. She is a graduate of the Institute of Arts and Sciences in Newark, Columbia and New York University. Before she came to Central she taught in one of the platoon schools in Newark.

We next corner one of the newest additions to the faculty, Miss Boutillier. She was born in Newark, N. J. After graduating from East Orange High School, she went to Montclair Normal and New York University where she received the degrees of Bachelor

THE PIVOT

of Sciences and Master of Arts. The desire to be a school teacher had dominated her childhood. She finally attained this desire by becoming a teacher in South 17th Street School and later at South 8th and Robert Treet Junior High School.

After having received three successful interviews we decide to torture Mr. Coleman. Refusing to state his age he smiled at us, as he began to talk. He was educated in a country school where everybody drank water out of the same tin cup but Mr. Coleman always preferred milk. At Pennsylvania Normal School his pastime was hunting wild flowers, and hunting wild chickens (take that up in the right way, he states). Mr. Coleman is a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, Columbia and New Jersey Law School. In 1915 he entered Central High.

Last but not least we interviewed Mr. Miller. When we walked into his room he was in a serious mood. However, he consented to give us a brief interview if we promised to vacate the premises as soon as he had finished. Mr. Miller is a native of Russia, but was educated in New York schools. He is a graduate of C. C. N. Y. and has studied at Columbia University. He was very active in athletics during his high school and college career. Before coming to Central, he taught in a theological school in New York. When asked to tell the different characteristics between students, he said he preferred Central students because they are energetic, ambitious, industrious, and have great will power. (He was not bribed by us.) He came to Central in 1920.

ALUMNI NOTES

Jerry Powitz, '22, is now a teacher at the Robert Treat School.

Jack Levy, '27, is now an excellent salesman at the Poppy Knitting Mills.

Ben Wiener, '17, is the manager of the Poppy Knitting Mills.

Beatrice Cohen, '26, is teaching at the Webster Benet.

Frieda Halpern, '26, is a teacher at Camden Street School.

Abe Kuchinsky, '27, is in his Senior term at Normal School.

Evelyn Grad, '27, is in her Senior term at Normal School.

Herman Singer, '23, is now an accountant in New York.

Dorothy Roller, '25, has a responsible position at the New Jersey Telephone Co.

Gertrude Durr, '26, is now working for Krueger, architect.

Helen Liflond, '29, is in the employ of a lawyer.

Lou Rusoff, '26, is a sophomore at Rutgers.

Pauline Kamin, '28, is working in Bamberger's office.

Victor Semyatich, '27, is attending N. Y. U., where he is studying law.

William Kocyck, '29, is now a pre-medical student at Rutgers.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF——

Fritzi Bressman frowned?

David Ontell didn't wear his *red tie*?

Rebecca Rochlin wasn't with Anna Granick.

Aaron Kiell wasn't jesting?

Edna Winorsky wasn't talking to Harry Kesselman?

Belle Berg wasn't so serious?

Nathan Madris forgot his "minutes"?

Helen Henry stopped curling her hair?

Miss Gordon smiled?

John Pucik wasn't getting forum notes?

Pearl Geller wore a long dress?

Irving Lampert wasn't talking about the Boys' Service Club?

Roslyn Wenar bobbed her hair?

Selma Eiseman were seen without Regina Guttman?

Miriam Kaplan wore a short dress?

Central got its Organ ere 1950?

Betty Hirschorn wasn't so obliging?

Mr. Wiener were not so kind?

Mr. Schleicher wasn't "*kibitzin*"?

Gussie Karp had straight hair?

Minna Graff weren't so affected?

Pearl Geller and Florence Levin weren't making noise at the meetings?

Henrietta Gauch didn't know her stenography?

Margaretha Warnecke wasn't typing in the Pivot Room?

George Zimmerman wasn't talking about athletics?

Florence Warner wasn't in a hurry?

Etta Horn came early?

Autographs



Autographs



THE PIVOT

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF——

Tillie Gandel stopped worrying about her stenography and typewriting?

Louis Friedman wasn't pestering the Pivot Board?

Ruth Woisard changed her hair-comb?

Sol Gleicher wasn't seen in the lunchroom?

Florence Levin used lipstick in school?

Harry Lentz wasn't talking with his hands?

Sophie Friedman were minus her make-up?

Max Kutin was not talking about his girl-friend?

Ruth Grubin wasn't giggling?

George Londa didn't know his English?

We all graduate?

The High Street Bus were not crowded?

Netti Kast grew a few inches?

Seymour Levy became modest?

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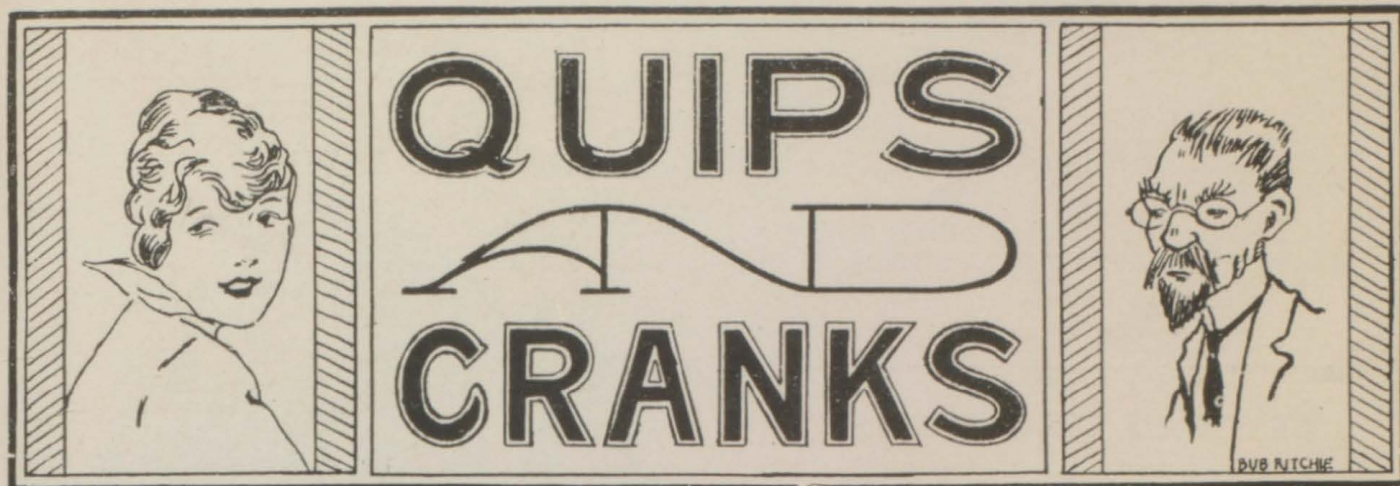
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Dave Ontell Getting "Ads"





Kutin: Did you see my picture in today's paper?

Ontell: No; I did not look at the funnies today.

Mr. Conovitz: Why was the period between A. D. 500 and A. D. 1200 known as the dark ages?

Robert Rudosky: Because that was the time of knights.

Ruth Pincus: They laughed when I sneezed in Spanish the other day.

Margaretha Warnecke: Well, I should think so. It sounds bad enough to sneeze in English.

Miss Bean: What instrument produces foot-notes?

Belle Berg: The shoe-horn.

Ruth Stillman: Roslyn, I hear we got most conceited girls?

Roslyn Wenar: Yes, but we're not conceited; just a bit particular.

Bill: Why do you call your girl Revenge?

John Pucik: Because she's sweet.

Teacher: What three words does every student use nearly every day?

New Student: I don't know.

Teacher: Correct.

"Say, do you know I walk in my sleep?"

"I wish my brother could. He'd be on the police force yet."

Miss Lewis: What is the Economics lesson for today?

Student: Miss Lewis, I thought we would not have a first period so I—I left it in my locker and did not study.

He: "Girls are better looking than boys."

She (unsophisticated): "Naturally."

He: "No; artificially."

Mr. Lum: "Did you mail that letter?"

George: "Sure."

Mr. Lum: "Did you notice that I had forgotten to address it?"

George: "Yep."

Mr. Lum: "Well, then, why did you mail it?"

George: "I thought that it was one of those anonymous letters and you wanted to keep the address secret."

"Willie," said the mother agitated by the sudden appearance of a rich relative, "kiss your Uncle John and then go and wash your face."

Teacher: "What is life insurance?"

R. H.: "You get the money when you're dead."

"What in the world are you plunging back into the water for? You just swam ashore," an onlooker asked of an Irishman.

"Shure," Pat replied, "Oi had to save myself first; now Oi'm goin' back to fetch Moike."

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"Red Hair and Freckles"—Seymour Levy.
"This Is Heaven"—Cutters in the lunchroom.
"I Can't Remember the Words"—When we don't know our work.
"There Was Nothing Else to Do"—Except homework.
"Bigger and Better Than Ever"—Central in the future.

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The Lady from Paris—Sophie Friedman.
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Good Boy—Doc Schleicher.
Two Girls Wanted—Minna Graff and Miriam Kaplan.

Dave: Have an exam?

John: No, thank you; I just flunked one.

Science Teacher: How do you spell "oxymoron?"
Bright Student: Spell "oxygen," take off the gin and put more on.

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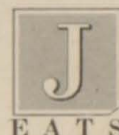
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We wish to extend to the Board of Education and the City of Newark our heartfelt gratitude for the many blessings we have received. We hope that we have been and will be worthy of the expenditure of so much time and money. We hope that we will be able to occupy our places in society in a much more praiseworthy manner and with much greater benefit to the community and ourselves than before we had had the opportunities so graciously extended us.

We wish to offer our heartfelt gratitude also to our principal, Mr. Wiener, whose thoughtful guidance and kindly word has always been an inspiration and encouragement in the darkest days of our school career.

We extend to our faculty advisor, Mr. Schleicher, our heartfelt gratitude for his guidance and assistance in our senior year.

We offer our heartfelt gratitude to our instructors for their patience and painstaking efforts to guide us along the proper paths, though we at times might have seemed ungrateful for the tireless energy expended in our behalf. If such is the case we hope that the instructors will place the blame at the door of childish immaturity, rather than take personal affront.

We extend our heartfelt gratitude to those who have so fully supported our activities in producing "The Pivot"—to our advertisers and to those who will buy this issue.

Finally, we hope and trust that the future graduating classes will be similarly blest with the many good things that this class has enjoyed and that they may in turn fulfill their destinies as we hope we will fulfill our own.

ESSEX

PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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SCHOOL

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WARK, N. J.

Newark Preparatory School

1030 BROAD STREET

HIGH SCHOOL IN TWO YEARS

THIRTY-THIRD FALL TERM

Day and Evening Classes

1,200 graduates entered 92 colleges: Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Columbia, New York University, Fordham, Rensselaer, Lafayette, Lehigh, Bucknell, U. of Pennsylvania, Syracuse, Michigan, Maryland, Alabama, Villanova, North Carolina, Union, Ohio State, Georgetown, New Jersey Law, etc.

**FULL CREDIT IS GIVEN FOR EACH SUBJECT
COMPLETED IN HIGH SCHOOL**

1030 BROAD STREET

At Lincoln Park

NEWARK, N. J.